The Nation.

August 12/19, 1991 $1.75 U.S./$2.25 Canada

EDITORIAL

WORDS OF WAR

The Pentagon has announced that all the leftover food purchased for the gulf war—millions of dollars' worth—will be distributed to the poor in the United States. The program has been named Operation Desert Share—bringing Operations Desert Shield and Desert Storm to a noble-sounding conclusion. Although "Desert Share" sounds like a Palm Springs condo or a speculative oil stock, it's better than "Desert Swill" or "Desert Edible Garbage," to use an old Army term for leftover chow.

You have to admire the Defense Department P.R. people who thought up the names for the various phases of the war, each carefully calibrated to send the correct propaganda message. We got to wondering, though. What if the people who think up these operations had used names that reflected what was *really* going on?

Then we might have had, in July 1990, after April Glaspie's talk with Saddam Hussein, Operation Look the Other Way. After the invasion, when Bush retired to Kennebunkport for his grim vacation, there was Operation Whiz Around in a Golf Cart. Next came Operation Sanctions Until We Can Get Troops to Saudi Arabia, followed by Operation Threat Magnification, Operation Saddam Demonization and Operation Nuclear Menace to rally the public behind the war.

But before Operation Endless Victory Parades could begin, the Kurds and the Shiites rebelled. General Schwarzkopf proclaimed Operation Suckered, but that was overruled by the balance-of-power boys with Operation Stabilize Saddam, coordinated with Operation Quagmire Control. When the plight of the Kurds was shown on television, it was time for Operation Band-Aid.

Now the Administration is poised between Operation Humanitarian Rescue and Operation Bomb Them Back to the Pre-Nuke Age. O what a lovely war of words!

THOMAS AND MARSHALL
David Corn
Randall Kennedy

JAPAN'S RIGHT
Karl Taro Greenfeld

BELFAST'S ENDLESS WAR
Sally Belfrage

REBEL RADIO
Luis J. Rodríguez

ALL THAT JAZZ
Gene Santoro

SADDAM ART
Marla S. Stone

BLACK AGENTS' COMPLAINT

THE F.B.I.'S RACE PROBLEM HEATS UP

DON MICHAK

While the White House and Senate feud over whether new civil rights legislation would mandate racial "quotas," over at the Federal Bureau of Investigation those charged with enforcing federal law—including antidiscrimination statutes—have already chosen sides on a closely related issue. These days the bureau is a racial powder keg, with several hundred black agents threatening what one of their lawyers describes as a "mutiny" over job bias in the bureau, and many resentful white agents organizing a not-so-secret resistance, including a group who privately call themselves the "R.W.G.s," or Regular White Guys.

There are some 10,000 special agents in the F.B.I., and the overwhelming majority of the nation's top cops resemble the white, college-educated and conservative G-men handpicked decades ago by J. Edgar Hoover. Slightly more than 20 percent of the agents represent groups the late F.B.I. Director excluded from those jobs, including women (10 percent), Latinos (5.6 percent) and blacks (4.8 percent). Only one of the F.B.I.'s fifty-six field offices, San Juan, Puerto Rico, is headed by a black, and only three of the bureau's 166 "senior executive staff" positions are held by blacks, according to agency data compiled last fall. There are twenty times more whites than blacks in supervisory jobs, with the former outnumbering the latter 1,366 to sixty-eight bureauwide. Several class-action lawsuits against the white men who run the bureau have been filed on behalf of women and Latino agents and black clerical employees. But so far the F.B.I. has escaped embarrassing publicity stem-

(*Continued on Page 195*)

32
08585
0 377535 6

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXCHANGE.

OF THIEVES, CHISELERS . . .

New York City

I would like to nominate Leon Friedman's "Quoting History" as worst editorial of the year [June 10]. He managed to fudge the fair-use issue beyond recognition and to misrepresent the Supreme Court decision in the *Harper & Row v. Nation* case. If he is a copyright lawyer he should know that in the revised Copyright Act of 1976, one of the conditions governing fair use is effect on the market. That is, does the quotation of unpublished material result in an economic loss for the author? *The Nation* obtained a stolen manuscript of Gerald Ford's *A Time to Heal* and published a 2,250-word article, quoting 300 words from that stolen manuscript. *Time*, which had agreed to pay $25,000 for a 7,500-word excerpt, canceled its plans and refused to pay the balance of $12,500 to Harper & Row.

The Supreme Court, in a 6-to-3 decision, reasoned that the underlying purpose of the Copyright Act is to foster the creation of original works by giving authors an economic incentive, which includes the right to publish first. In *Harper & Row*, the economic harm from *The Nation*'s prior publication was evident. The Court noted that *The Nation* could have, but chose not to, bid for rights to excerpts from *A Time to Heal*. Fair use, the Court said, "distinguishes between a true scholar and a chiseler who infringes a work for personal profit." The Court noted that the "effect on the market" from the theft of the Ford memoirs was immediate and dramatic—the cancellation by *Time* of its serial rights. *The Nation*'s use of direct quotes was specifically designed to lend "a special air of authenticity" to its article, and *The Nation* was held to have reduced the economic value of the copyrighted material.

The Nation's abuse of the fair-use defense led to a more restrictive interpretation by the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit that has gone to ridiculous lengths. The pendulum has now swung too far in the other direction. But no one can seriously argue that "chiselers," to use the Supreme Court's description of *The Nation*, have the right to publish stolen material.

Ted Morgan

. . . OLD BOYS AND FAIR USE

University Park, Pa.

Your readers are being seriously misled by Leon Friedman's editorial and especially your editorial gloss on it. It is not true, as you suggest, that the Association of American Publishers has come to see "the error of its ways" in backing Harper & Row in its suit against *The Nation*. The A.A.P.'s position today would be no different if that kind of case were to arise again. The A.A.P., with the support of the Association of American University Presses (which I represent as chair of its copyright committee), has lobbied vigorously for legislation to make perfectly clear that fair use does apply to unpublished work, not out of any sense of guilt over the Harper & Row case but because of the erroneous reading of the implications of that Supreme Court ruling by the Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, which led to a result never intended by Congress.

In his brief review of the Harper & Row case, Friedman implies that the "nature of the work" as unpublished was the sole and deciding factor on which the Supreme Court based its decision. In fact, the Court conducted an analysis of all four factors set forth in Section 107 of the Copyright Act as pertinent to a determination of fair use and stated in its opinion that the "effect on the market . . . is undoubtedly the single most important element of fair use." *The Nation*'s usurpation of Gerald Ford's right to first publication, resulting in *Time*'s cancellation of its serialization, was the key consideration. "Rarely," the Court said, "will a case of copyright infringement present such clear-cut evidence of actual damage."

Where the Second Circuit judges went wrong, the A.A.P. believes, was in elevating the second factor concerning the unpublished nature of the work to dispositive status, as though that factor alone is all that needs to be considered to decide whether any given use is fair or not. The intent of the fair-use bill, introduced by Senator Paul Simon and supported by the A.A.P. and the A.A.U.P., is simply to make clear that all four factors always need to be taken into account, even though their relative weight may vary from case to case, depending on the circumstances.

As for Friedman's assumption that an "old boy network" led the A.A.P. to back Harper & Row against *The Nation*, I can provide direct testimony to refute that interpretation. I was at the time a member of both the freedom to read committee and the copyright committee of the A.A.P., which jointly worked out the A.A.P.'s position, and my support for that position had nothing to do with any old boy network, which I would hardly have been considered a part of anyway. The A.A.P. reached its decision to support Harper & Row through a close analysis of the issues and consideration of the particular circumstances of the case (which differ greatly from those in the *Salinger* and *Hubbard* cases), not through any wielding of personal influence. If anything besides the strictly legal issues involved had an effect on my and other members' thinking, it was the moral question raised by *The Nation*'s use of a purloined copy of the manuscript!

Sanford G. Thatcher

FRIEDMAN REPLIES

New York City

Ted Morgan agrees with me that the Court of Appeals went to "ridiculous lengths" in its "restrictive interpretation" of the fair-use doctrine after the *Nation* case. Since the main point of my editorial was that legislative correction was necessary to overturn that restrictive interpretation, his complaints are bewildering, although he does take the opportunity to support the Supreme Court's decision (which I did not discuss).

As one of *The Nation*'s lawyers in the case, I welcome the chance to reargue the case with Morgan. The fact is that the "effect on the market" argument did not fit the actual situation before the Supreme Court. It is true that Harper & Row had a first-serial-rights contract with *Time* for $25,000. When the *Nation* article appeared, *Time* did not immediately cancel its contract; it offered to pay the entire $25,000 if it could move its publication date up by just one week. It was only after Harper refused this modest request that the contract was canceled.

More important, it was not *The Nation*'s minimal quotation of 300 words from the Ford manuscript that led *Time* to cancel the contract. It was the discussion of the historical facts of the Nixon pardon that created the problem for *Time*, because it did not want to be "scooped" by a dissident left-wing magazine discussing and criticizing what Ford had done. Harper had paid a $1 million advance to Ford for what it described as "unique information about Author's career and personal life," which it was trying to keep secret and sell to *Time*. But copyright law cannot protect facts and information about historical events, and the use of copyright law to create an expensive market for the secrets of former Presidents was and still is questionable. In short, the market was affected not by the quotation of 300 unmemorable words written by Ford but by *The Nation*'s discussion of the facts, which it had every right to conduct.

Justice William Brennan's dissent accurately described the situation: "If it was this publication of information, and not the publication of the few quotations, that caused *Time* to abrogate its serialization agreement, then whatever the negative effect on the serialization market, that effect was the product of wholly legitimate activity. . . . *The Nation* had every right to seek to be the first to publish that information." The fact remains, as Justice Brennan pointed out, that *The Nation* was found liable for copyright infringement "for no other reason than that *The Nation* succeeded in being the first to provide certain information to the public."

Sanford Thatcher's letter tries to defend the Supreme Court's decision while claiming that the Second Circuit judges "went wrong" in their interpretation of the *Nation* case in *Salinger* and *Hubbard*. The judges certainly believed they were following the Supreme Court's holding that the unpublished nature of a work was a "key factor" in determining fair use. Whether the A.A.P. is being consistent or whether it now realizes the error of its

(*Continued on Page 208*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 253, Number 5

EXCHANGE

178 *Ted Morgan, Sanford G. Thatcher, Leon Friedman*

EDITORIALS

177 Words of War
179 Gatesgate
180 Believing Thomas — *David Corn*
180 Grand Marshall — *Randall Kennedy*

COLUMNS

181 Singing in the Rain — *Calvin Trillin*
182 Beat the Devil — *Alexander Cockburn*
184 Minority Report — *Christopher Hitchens*
185 Church Outing — *Edward Sorel*

ARTICLES

177 Black Agents' Complaint: The F.B.I.'s Race Problem Heats Up — *Don Michak*
186 Samurai Politics: The Curious Clout of Japan's Right — *Karl Taro Greenfeld*
188 Endless War in Belfast: The Victims Ask—Why? — *Sally Belfrage*
192 Rebel Radio: Rappin' in the 'Hood — *Luis J. Rodríguez*
198 Cap'n Bushy — *Robert Grossman*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

199 Dancing in Your Head — *Gene Santoro*
202 Past Present — *Gwyneth Cravens*
204 Al-Khalil: The Monument — *Marla S. Stone*
205 Ownby: Subduing Satan; Baker: The Moral Frameworks Of Public Life — *Michael S. Kimmel*
207 Lookouts, Foul Weather (poem) — *Frank Gaspar*

Illustrations by Randall Enos

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Lingeman; *Associate Editors*, George Black, Andrew Kopkind; *Assistant Editor*, Micah L. Sifry; *Literary Editor*, Elsa Dixler; *Associate Literary Editor*, Art Winslow; *Poetry Editor*, Grace Schulman; *Managing Editor*, JoAnn Wypijewski; *Copy Chief*, Roane Carey; *Copy Editor*, Judith Long; *Assistant Copy Editor*, Anne-Marie Otey; *Assistant to the Editor*, Dennis Selby; *Interns*, Adam K. Goodheart, Linda Hall, Y. Nancy Kim, Jennifer Rodríguez, Matthew Ruben (Washington), Irwin Tang, Ramón Vela, Nick Yasinski.

Departments: *Architecture*, Jane Holtz Kay; *Art*, Arthur C. Danto; *Dance*, Mindy Aloff; *Fiction*, John Leonard; *Films*, Stuart Klawans; *Lingo*, Jim Quinn; *Music*, David Hamilton, Edward W. Said, Gene Santoro; *Theater*, Thomas M. Disch, Moira Hodgson; *Bureaus*: *Washington*, David Corn; *Europe*, Daniel Singer; *United Kingdom*, E.P. Thompson; *Paris*, Claude Bourdet; *Corporations*, Robert Sherrill; *Defense*, Michael T. Klare; *Columnists and Regular Contributors*: Alexander Cockburn (*Beat the Devil*), Stephen F. Cohen (*Sovieticus*), Christopher Hitchens (*Minority Report*), Aryeh Neier (*Watching Rights*), Elizabeth Pochoda (*Reading Around*), Edward Sorel, Calvin Trillin; *Contributing Editors*: Kai Bird, Thomas Ferguson, Doug Henwood, Max Holland, Molly Ivins, Jefferson Morley, Katha Pollitt, Joel Rogers, Kirkpatrick Sale, Herman Schwartz, Michael Thomas, Gore Vidal, Jon Wiener; *Editorial Board*: Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Elinor Langer, Deborah W. Meier, Toni Morrison, Michael Pertschuk, Elizabeth Pochoda, Neil Postman, Marcus G. Raskin, David Weir, Roger Wilkins. *Editors at Large*, Richard Pollak, Katrina vanden Heuvel.

Manuscripts: The magazine cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless accompanied by addressed, stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Arthur L. Carter

Associate Publisher and General Manager, Neil Black; *Associate Publisher and Advertising Director*, Chris Calhoun; *Classified Advertising Director*, Gary Pomerantz; *Business Manager*, Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeepers*, Ivor A. Richardson, Shirleathia Watson; *Art/Production Manager*, Jane Sharples; *Production*, Carlos Durazo, Sandy McCroskey; *Vice President and Circulation Director*, Margaret Pyle; *Subscription Manager*, Cookee V. Klein; *Receptionists*, Greta Loell, Vivette Dhanukdhari; *Data Entry and Mail Coordinator*, John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary*, Shirley Sulat; *Nation Associates Coordinators*, Peter Rothberg, Peter Siskind; *Permissions and Back Issues*, Josh Neufeld; *Publicity and Special Projects Director*, Peter G. Meyer.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by The Nation Company, Inc.

© 1991 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Company, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Bureau:* Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: *The Nation*, P.O. Box 10763, Des Moines IA 50340-0763. *Subscription Price*: 1 year, $44; 2 years, $75. Add $18 for surface mail postage outside U.S. Missed issues must be claimed within 60 days (120 days foreign) of publication date. **Please allow 4-6 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $4 prepaid ($5 foreign) from: *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *The Nation*, P.O. Box 10763, Des Moines IA 50340-0763. This issue went to press on July 25.

EDITORIALS.

Gatesgate

Orson Welles told this story: A frog is poised to cross a raging river. A scorpion, afraid to venture into the flood, asks for a ride. "Why should I carry you?" Frog replies. "You'll sting me and I'll die." "Don't be silly," says Scorpion. "It's in my interest to let you get across." Frog accepts the logic and begins to ferry Scorpion. But then he feels a mortal sting. "Why did you do that?" Frog cries out. "Now we'll both die!" Scorpion shrugs his eight shoulders. "I couldn't help myself. It's my nature."

Why should anyone believe that Robert Gates, President Bush's candidate for Director of Central Intelligence, has absented himself from the scams, scandals and subversions that have formed the very nature of the C.I.A. since its inception? Gates's denials of a role in the Iran/*contra* scandal seem about to be contradicted by fellow spook Alan Fiers, who promised to turn witness for the special prosecution in return for a light sentence on his own charges of lying to Congress. But even without Fiers, it defies history and common sense to argue that covert operators as high up as Gates—or then-Vice President Bush and his aide Donald Gregg—were kept in the dark.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Gates is called before the Senate Intelligence Committee in September (if Bush doesn't withdraw his nominee beforehand, as Reagan did with Gates in 1987), he should be fairly forced to reveal his role in Iran/*contra* as well as his knowledge of the Republicans' "October surprise" deal with the Iranians and his dealings with any branches and twigs of the Bank of Credit & Commerce International, which appears to tie together all the really despicable and traitorous activities of the agency over the past many years.

But beyond that, the Senate should finally come to grips with the nature of the C.I.A. as an "invisible government" with its own foreign policy utterly at odds with American democratic practice, political morality and constitutionalism. When General "Wild Bill" Donovan fashioned the agency as an intelligence service cum covert operations bureau after World War II, he sowed the seeds of its monstrous misdeeds for decades to come. No director, no matter how well intentioned (a description no one has ever used for Gates), can act honorably until the C.I.A. is shorn of its subversive functions. Otherwise, he will always sting the fool who carries him.

Believing Thomas

On a recent Friday night, several hundred suburbanites gathered in Fairfax, Virginia, to sing battle songs. "We are an army of salvation," they chorused. "Lead us into battle," they roared. The congregation vowed in song that they would fight until every nation is on its knees before Jesus Christ. The site of this religious pep rally—the Truro Church—is where Judge Clarence Thomas worships.

Thomas, once a practicing Catholic, has been attending Truro, a charismatic Episcopal church, for about a year. Curious about the religious leanings of the Supreme Court nominee, I visited Truro. Thomas was not at the Friday night "Prayer and Praise" session or the more traditional Sunday morning service I witnessed, but he has attended both.

Within the charismatic Christian movement, the Bible is taken literally; followers are born again and see Satan all over. The Friday evening ceremony was a jubilant occasion. The faithful stood much of the time with arms lifted high, palms facing skyward, singing tributes to Jesus Christ. Some seemed transfixed; some spoke in tongues. The clergy were good-humored and ebullient, though one did chastise the congregation for its homogeneity; it is 99 percent white. During prayer, one worshiper cried loudly, "Lord, bless Clarence Thomas in his hour of need."

In a wing of the simple, red brick church, a bookstore sells antiabortion material (the church is devoutly anti-choice), inspirational tracts and books that expose the workings of Satan. A corner is reserved for products of the Truro Tape Ministry, which markets audiocassettes of lectures by church associates and well-known charismatics, including Pat Robertson. The Rev. John Howe, until 1989 the rector at Truro, was a key endorser of the 1988 presidential campaign of Robertson, who once called for a theocracy with "judges speaking in tongues on the bench."

Truro's services and tapes present a clear message: True Christians engage daily in actual, not metaphorical, hand-to-hand combat with Satan. In a taped lecture series on "Spiritual Warfare," Tom Tarrants reveals that the Devil and evil spirits "carry on a relentless battle behind the scenes" to affect "world events." Philosophers like Jean-Paul Sartre, Albert Camus, Immanuel Kant and Sigmund Freud were all under demonic influence. Lecturer Beth Whitnah avers that Satan is behind the "pollution of the whole entertainment industry."

Charismatics are instructed to heed orders. On one tape, the Rev. Brian Cox, associate rector of a sister church, the Church of the Apostles, exhorts Truro's congregants to obey unquestioningly God's commands. "When the Father tells you to do something," Cox says, "you don't argue with Him. . . . You don't need to know why." During a 1987 sermon at his church, according to two people who were there, Cox preached that the goal of charismatics is to establish the Kingdom of God on Earth, adding, "The Kingdom of God is not a democracy." After that sermon, he embraced a member of his flock, Oliver North. On another tape, Os Guiness, a "Christian author," examines "the problem of constitutionalism." By "problem" he means that the U.S. Constitution has no "transcendence" because it does not rely on religious values.

Who knows why Thomas attends services at Truro. Several Episcopal churches are closer to his home. But those interested in his view of the world might well ask about his commitment to the teachings of his current church. Does he believe Satan controls some politicians, artists, civil liberties lawyers and others? That everything in his life is dominated by the war between Jesus and Satan? That obedience to his religious faith transcends all else, including his duty to the Constitution? How might such beliefs affect someone who will render decisions with consequences for millions? Respect for Thomas's privacy should not preclude a Senate inquiry into his thoughts on spiritual matters, if those opinions might unduly affect his performance as Supreme Court Justice. Given Thomas's adherence to "natural law" as a judicial philosophy, his notions about metaphysical issues are quite relevant.

At the end of the Friday night revival, the faithful sang, "We've got our marching orders. Now is the time to carry them forward." Shouldn't Thomas be asked if he accepts any marching orders other than to preserve and protect the Constitution of the United States? DAVID CORN

Grand Marshall

My father once told me that when he ventured into a Southern courthouse years ago to hear Thurgood Marshall argue a voting rights case, he was so afraid of seeming "uppity" that he pretended to be the janitor—and so inspired by Marshall's performance that he will always consider him "the biggest, baddest and boldest man in the world."

I had the great privilege of working for Justice Thurgood Marshall as a law clerk in 1983-84. He was a stern and exacting taskmaster who told you bluntly (and in front of your co-clerks) if he thought your work was beneath his standards and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

offered praise only sparingly. A memo on which he wrote "OK" remains a dear possession. He didn't stand on ceremony or demand that his ego be stroked. He didn't seem to care, for instance, how he was addressed by his staff. Some clerks called him "Justice Marshall," others simply "Judge." At moments of high anxiety, I called him "Boss." His informality led me, like many observers, occasionally to underestimate him. Every time I did—once, for instance, I tried to grind my own ax in the draft of an opinion—he proved me wrong, demonstrating the knowledge and devotion to duty that have made him one of the great figures of American law.

In the many farewells to Marshall two points about his career have been obscured. One is that for most of his tenure he fought against a conservative majority on the Court. When Marshall was elevated to the Court in 1967, he joined not a den of judicial revolutionaries but a set of establishment lawyers whose sober reformism rarely ventured beyond nullifying the most blatant affronts to national ideals. Moreover, not long after Marshall arrived, the Court's liberal wing began to disintegrate; by 1975 Earl Warren, Abe Fortas, Hugo Black and William Douglas had all been replaced by the appointees of Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford. An outsider during all those many years when he faced the Court as the nation's foremost civil rights attorney, he remained something of an outsider even after his ascension to the nation's highest tribunal.

Yet, and here is the second point that is often overlooked, Marshall succeeded in significantly influencing the Court. A good example is his campaign to limit, if not abolish, peremptory challenges—acts by which attorneys dismiss potential jurors without offering reasons. In 1965, in *Swain v. Alabama*, a 5-to-4 majority denied a black defendant accused of raping a white woman the right to examine the white prosecutor's use of peremptory challenges, even though the prosecutor struck all the blacks who might have served on the jury in a county that was at least 25 percent black and in which no black had served on a trial jury for fifteen years. Essentially, the Court held that prosecutors could exclude potential jurors on the basis of race so long as they did so as a matter of trial tactics. *Swain* became, as one commentator put it, the constitutional blueprint for the perpetuation of the all-white jury.

Describing the racist misuse of peremptory challenges as "one of the gravest and most persistent problems facing the American judiciary," Marshall began in 1982 to write dissents from denials of certiorari—rulings in which the Court, without explanation, declines to hear a case—whenever the case would have compelled a decision on the viability of *Swain*. His withering criticisms encouraged defense attorneys and lower court judges either to evade or to attack *Swain*, and his persistence set into motion a chain of events that led to its demise. First, Justice Brennan, who had joined the *Swain* majority, repudiated it. Then Justices Lewis Powell Jr., John Paul Stevens and Harry Blackmun stated that they might be willing to reconsider the case. Marshall continued to write dissents explicitly challenging his wavering colleagues and implicitly calling for federal judges to depart from *Swain*.

Marshall's strategy paid off in December 1984, when the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit subjected prosecutors' use of peremptory challenges to judicial oversight by using the theory Marshall had suggested in his dissents. That decision created a split among appeals courts that the Supreme Court was forced to resolve—just what Marshall had wanted. In April 1986, in *Batson v. Kentucky*, the Court overturned *Swain*. Citing Marshall's dissents, Justice Powell, writing for the majority, stated that "the harm from discriminatory jury selection extends beyond that inflicted on the defendant and the excluded juror to touch the entire community. Selection procedures that purposefully exclude black persons from juries undermine public confidence in the fairness of our system of justice."

Justice Marshall's successful campaign to overturn *Swain* drew upon knowledge of two areas of law about which he is particularly concerned and knowledgeable: equal protection and criminal procedure. It would be a mistake, however, to view Marshall as a parochial jurist who was good for addressing only a narrow band of legal issues. Because conservative Chief Justices sought to prevent him from writing opinions for the Court in major cases involving large, controversial matters, he was often given the task of writing opinions in arcane, highly technical and decidedly nonglamorous corners of the law. Thus he wrote many fine opinions interpreting federal income tax statutes and untangling complex railroad legislation, displaying a degree of lawyerly competence that commentators have failed to appreciate sufficiently.

Having said that, we shall miss him most in the great political areas of the law. We shall miss him as the Court narrows and perhaps wholly jettisons the constitutional right to sexual and reproductive privacy; as it deregulates capital punishment, mangling long-established doctrines in the process; as it continues to interpret statutes and the Constitution in ways that show inadequate solicitude for racial minorities, women, gays and lesbians, the handicapped, the economically impoverished and all other vulnerable people.

Near the end of my clerkship, I asked Justice Marshall whether he felt discouraged by trends that pushed him increasingly to the margins of the Court's jurisprudence. He told me that he did not, that he was too busy to be discouraged. He suggested that progressives seeking to create a more just society had better stay busy too. It remains good advice from a great man who deserves our gratitude. RANDALL KENNEDY

Randall Kennedy is a professor at Harvard Law School and the editor of Reconstruction.

★

SINGING IN THE RAIN

I'm singing in the rain again.
The summer's here, the days are placid.
I'm as happy as a guy can get—
Or would be if the rain weren't acid.

Calvin Trillin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEAT THE DEVIL.

Cooperstown and the World Economy

I was in Cooperstown on the day new members were being inducted into the Baseball Hall of Fame. It must be the last dignified ceremony in America. Rod Carew sounded like Pericles giving the funeral oration. Just like many of the paintings inside the Hall of Fame, the idiom of the occasion was from the fifties. A sense of well-being permeated the grounds and while spirited (a girl in front of me wore a T-shirt inscribed with the words "Delaware Co-ed Naked Baseball . . . Get in a scoring position and we'll drive you home"), the throng was not trashy.

The whole thing reminded me of Trooping the Color ceremonies back in the fifties in England, when all seemed stable. Of course nothing in England was stable. The country faced ruin, just as America does today. How long does it take for the poisons of economic mortality to infect the whole social body? Or will such ceremonies continue even as the great financial institutions crumble, with the only concern being the speed with which new space for impending Hall of Famers can be added to the existing structures?

It is in the nature of booms that people delude themselves that the laws of economic gravity have been permanently suspended. Today, despite ominous cracks in the masonry, a measure of such optimism still prevails. The crash of B.C.C.I., disclosing regulatory complicity and theft on a staggering scale, is treated as an aberration. The news that major Japanese securities firms were faking the value of their portfolios is regarded without alarm.

The Japanese scandal can be stated simply enough. Securities firms like Nomura guaranteed big corporate investors that they would be indemnified against any drop in the price of the stock. It was a straight shell game, in which the price of a stock had absolutely no relationship to its true value.

Japanese assets—stocks and, most important, land—have long been wildly overpriced. In 1987 the price/earnings ratio of Japanese stocks peaked at 73. This implies a dizzying faith in the future, since if the price remained stable it would take seventy-three years for the stock to earn in dividends the price put down by the investor. Today the P/E value of Japanese stocks averages out at 45, which is still highly inflated. In the United States the equivalent peak in the P/E ratio in 1987 for Standard & Poor's 500 was around 22. Today it hovers just under 20.

Value in Japan ultimately rests on land, which constitutes 65 percent of Japan's national wealth, as against 33 percent in the United States and a mere 2.5 percent in Britain. Land price inflation far exceeds growth rates in the "real" economy, while at the same time it drives such rates upward. Throughout the 1970s Japan's G.N.P. increased by five times but its land assets by double that amount, and the disproportion has been widening. There is no parallel in the history of the world for the land inflation in Japan.

As with all inflations, everything is fine if the graphs go up. But last year the Finance Ministry, urged by international bankers, attempted a measured return toward some sort of congruence between prices and real values. There was a political imperative too. Social stability and political loyalty rest to some extent on the hope of young couples that even if they can never actually afford to buy a house, they might at least dream of doing so.

So the Finance Ministry instituted a credit crunch. The cap rate on a typical Japanese real estate deal is 2 percent, meaning that if the purchaser puts cash down for his property he'll earn 2 percent on his money. But if the cost of borrowing is, let us say, 8 percent, then the purchaser's hope must be that the underlying asset value will shoot upward fast enough to make up the 6 percent difference. But now land values have dropped, and with them the ability of Japanese companies to raise money on the collateral of vastly overvalued land, and to finance exports and acquisitions in the United States.

Indeed, anyone who thinks that such eruptions are confined to Japan should study the crash of commercial property in the United States. New Jersey regulators recently took over Mutual Benefit Life, the fourth-oldest and eighteenth-largest life insurance company in the nation. Mutual came to disaster through its real estate investments. Moody's has just downgraded its rating of the cream of the U.S. insurance industry—among them John Hancock, New England Mutual Life and Travelers. The reasons are resumed by Maggie Mahar in "The Great Collapse" in *Barron's* for July 22. Mahar paints a desolate picture of overbuilding, overvaluation, back-of-envelope financing and regulatory laxity that threaten to put the nation's banking and insurance industries in the same trough as the S&Ls.

Barron's saved its final paragraphs for the situation in Los Angeles, where the now-stricken Japanese until recently owned 40 percent of all downtown office buildings. Vacancies on the West Side have risen from 13 or 14 percent a year ago to 18 percent today, and downtown from 14 or 15 percent to 20 percent. The real estate recession has rolled from Texas to New York to Boston and now to L.A. and even the Pacific Northwest. For a long time to come the lesson will be spelled out in bankruptcies and kindred ornaments of ruin.

Against the World Front of Capital: A Letter From Doctor Vien

One of the most distinguished figures in the Vietnamese revolutionary movement is Dr. Nguyen Khac Vien. Today, at the age of 78, he heads the Center for the Study of Child Psychology. Dr. Vien's militant career began in 1943, when he enlisted in the anti-French nationalist movement. Soon he joined the French Communist Party and spent two decades in France. A Trotskyist in the immediate postwar period, he rejoined the Communist Party in 1949, zealously criticizing Tito and the Trotskyists, though apparently without the venomous slanders employed by many of his party colleagues.

In 1963 he returned to Vietnam and joined the Communist Party there in a senior position. He edited *Études vietnamiennes*, regarded as a journal of high quality. By 1981 he began to agitate for reform of the party, sending a public letter to the National Assembly attacking the bureaucratism and Maoist heritage of the V.C.P. By 1986 he was writing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALEXANDER COCKBURN

hopefully of Gorbachev. Today, weak (for most of his life he has had but one lung) but highly articulate, Dr. Vien has continued to evolve his thought. The letter that I quote below, from a translation published in *International Viewpoint* for April 15, was addressed to Nguyen Huu Tho, president of the Patriotic Front, explaining why he was not attending the meeting to discuss draft texts for the 7th Party Congress, which was held in late June.

It is a pitiless dissection of party degeneration but also an eloquent statement of what should be the aims of a world democratic front. The party apparatus, Dr. Vien wrote, is today "plunging society into disorder and preventing any development." The reason: its direct hold on power. "If in the past to join the party was to voluntarily join in its struggles and risk imprisonment, today it is no more than a way of getting promotion." The population has lost all confidence in the party leadership, which, he said, with the average age in the Political Bureau at 74, is rooted in the past.

Dr. Vien proposed a shift of functions from party to state, with mass retirement of those heading the party's various organs. Then he made some memorable conclusions:

> The private economy is going to develop and foreign firms will invest in Vietnam. This is a tendency that cannot be resisted and which will allow scientific and technical progress and will permit some people to use their abilities. The national bourgeoisie and foreign capital are going to make an alliance to exploit the resources and labour force. To service this economic structure there will be a threefold apparatus: the apparatus of economic management; the state apparatus of government (administration, police); and the cultural apparatus (which controls the media).
>
> Now, from the moment when there is a market economy, profit is king, and talk of humanity is out of the window. Furthermore, humanity is not the hallmark of bureaucratic apparatuses. Faced with such an economic/political/ideological apparatus, which is both national and international (in that a higher cadre of this apparatus will consider him or herself at once as Vietnamese and as belonging to Mitsubishi, Toyota or Phillips) the people must form a democratic front as the counterweight and defend:
>
> * Democratic liberties.
> * Social justice (to assure reasonable pay for the workers; avoid excessive social differentiation; assure education and health; defend culture).
> * The environment.
> * Peace.
>
> Such a front, while rejecting armed struggle, must put to work all forms of democratic struggle to obtain above all:
>
> * The freedom of the press and of thought.
> * Freedom of association to organize its own activity free from apparatus dictates.
>
> It was through a constant 200 year struggle that the populations of the developed capitalist countries were able to establish a regime that we have wrongly qualified as "bourgeois" democratic. Democratic liberties and social rights were torn from the bourgeoisie in struggle and should thus be called popular liberties, if the real meaning of the development is to be understood. If a world front of capital is being founded, its counterweight, the democratic popular front on a world scale, is also in formation. Our people cannot stay on the sidelines. It is not only in the so-called socialist countries that we have friends. The moment will come when limits will be imposed on the apparatus, which will be bound hand and foot, when the words capitalism and socialism will no longer have any importance. The democratic front will have changed its nature.
>
> Freedom of the press, of association, of petition, of demonstration, to strike and of election are the forms of struggle of our epoch; they are proven means that can lead to profound reforms.

The Costs of Free Speech

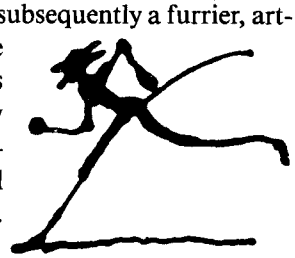
Richard Criley, named by *Stars and Stripes* in 1945 along with Dashiell Hammett and thirteen others as the first Communists to serve in the U.S. armed forces, would surely agree with Dr. Vien about the importance of free speech. After two years of lawsuits he has finally been able to publish his book, *The F.B.I. v. The First Amendment*.

After apprenticeship as an artist and fencing champion in Paris, Criley started his career as the object of surveillance by helping to organize a free speech strike in Berkeley in 1934. In the fifties and early sixties he was instrumental in forming a broad coalition against the witch hunts. In 1960 he and people like Frank Wilkinson put together the National Committee Against Repressive Legislation, whose persecution by the F.B.I. he now describes.

Criley's book, published by the First Amendment Foundation (1313 West 8th St., Suite 313, Los Angeles, CA 90017), is mostly a compelling and detailed account of the F.B.I.'s efforts to destroy Frank Wilkinson, who first came under surveillance (every day for forty years, often involving eight agents a day at a total estimated cost of $17 million) when he took a job with the Los Angeles Housing Authority overseeing the integration of the first housing project constructed in Watts. Wilkinson, now 76, was one of the last two people to go to jail for defying the House Un-American Activities Committee, serving nine months in 1961.

At the start of June, Criley, 79 and full of pep, was one of twenty-three authors worldwide in receipt of a $10,000 Free Expression Award, donated by the Fund for Free Expression from the estates of Lillian Hellman and Dashiell Hammett. Criley's prize money will go to the N.C.A.R.L., which is organizing a conference supporting expanded First Amendment legislation, to be held in October in Washington.

Criley lives in Carmel Highlands, California. A few yards up the hill from Criley's house there lived, until a couple of weeks ago, when he died at the age of 84, his friend Ephraim (Don) Doner, born in Poland and subsequently a furrier, artist and all-round battler for the true and the good. Like Criley he was a leading light in the Monterey chapter of the A.C.L.U. His family has suggested that memorial contributions go to the A.C.L.U. or *The Nation*.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Just when it thought it had everything nailed down and banged up, with public opinion sated and tranquilized by victory and the Democrats gulping and backing away, the Bush Administration is faced by a series of unwelcome revenants. From the underside of national security politics—breeding pool of the Reagan-Bush strain—come nasty reminders of the way the Republican "revolution" got power and held it. The treason of 1980 is now a subject for everyday discussion. The nomination of Robert Gates to head the C.I.A., a nomination made during the hubristic flush of the post-Kuwait illusion, has compelled the press and Congress to take another reluctant look at the Iran/*contra* archive. Whack it over the head with a shovel, throw in a few spadesful of earth, walk away and claim "We've put all that behind us" and, damn, we forgot the quicklime.

Almost unnoticed in the surrounding rumpus, a small but salutary event took place in Washington last April 19. Through its embassy the government of Costa Rica asked for the extradition of John Hull. Now *there* was a man the Bush Administration really hoped had been forgotten. At one time, as the ultraconservative owner of a substantial piece of land on the Costa Rica-Nicaragua border, Hull had enjoyed a certain usefulness as the proprietor of a "deniable" airstrip. This made him a part of the Oliver North payroll and a senior member in the undeclared war effort against the Sandinistas [see "Minority Report," May 8 and December 18, 1989].

There is one rather awkward count in the Costa Rican bill of indictment against Hull. He is charged with murder, of course, and with a series of crimes against Costa Rican neutrality. In the world in which he operated, these offenses have something of a routine nature. But he is also charged with drug smuggling, a felony in the United States, which makes the folks at the C.I.A. and the D.E.A. and the F.B.I. and the N.S.C. and so on see red and pee green.

For the evidence that narcotics and other "controlled substances" (an absurd name for an absurd notion) have been instruments of U.S. foreign policy, you simply have to read *Cocaine Politics: Drugs, Armies and the CIA in Central America*, by Peter Dale Scott and Jonathan Marshall. This, one of the most enlightening books of the year, will redefine your usage of the silly term "drug war." When you see those two words from then on, you will think of a covert war financed by drugs. And that is as it should be.

Conservative though its new government undoubtedly is, Costa Rica still has an independent Parliament and judiciary. How will the Bush Administration explain its protection of a fugitive from justice, in a country that has an extradition treaty with the United States, on charges like these? How will it explain that Hull was introduced to the representatives of the North operation in the very office of then-Senator J. Danforth Quayle? There are days when it hardly seems worthwhile to keep whining about the half-baked cover-ups that have kept Bush and his crew a few steps ahead of due process. But it's cheering to think that there must be days when the effort of maintaining the cover-up seems rather exhausting as well.

* * *

Somewhere in *Minima Moralia*, Theodor Adorno remarks that it might be theoretically possible to produce a cinematic work of art in full conformity with the standard of the Hays Office, but this would be attainable only on condition that there *was* no Hays Office. In other words, no good work can be accomplished out of a sense of dull obligation. To name or define something as meeting a certain standard is to change the thing, as well as to alter the standard. For example, an emphatic sign posted on the edge of a canyon and announcing "scenic overlook" is self-negating. So is a signpost denoting "tourist attractions."

Not long ago I was actually paid to spend a night on business in the recently refurbished Algonquin Hotel in New York. Why do people visit the Algonquin Hotel? Because, according to reputation, it was once the scene of spontaneous wit and unforced conversation. The response of the new management, after a protracted period of costly promotion and redesign? Take the idea of spontaneity and truncheon it. Grammar and spelling are alike pressed into this service, in the ghastly guest brochure that greets the credulous:

> The facade and Edwardian interior have changed little; including the single manually operated elevator, the television sets that are hidden inside wooden cabinets, and of course, the hotel's famous lobby with it's lovely, dark oak columns and trim, wing chairs and chinoiseries [*sic* throughout].

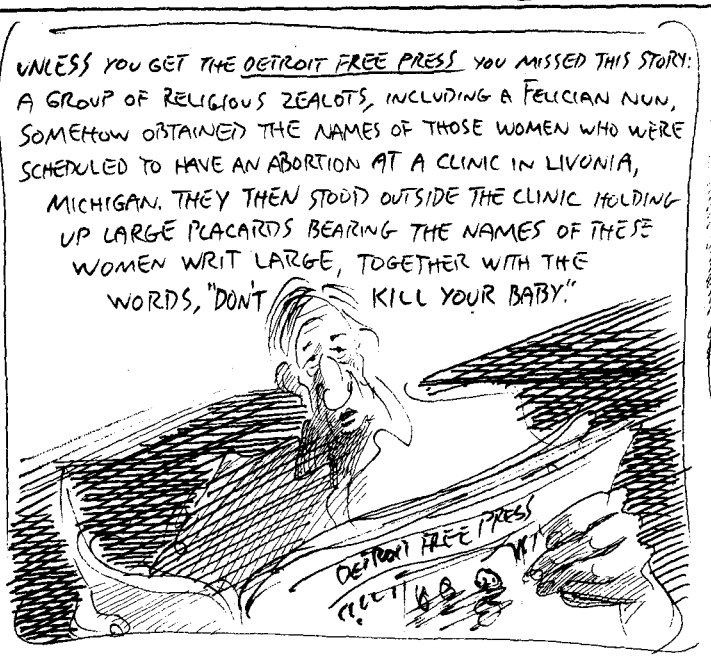
Then of course "the staff is traditionally formed of 'old-time' employees who love the hotel and take pride and always strive to make you feel like a guest in their home." True, the staff are very sweet, but the first half of the statement is absurd since they do not date back to the Roaring Twenties, and the second half is the sort of sickliness that any Holiday Inn might use in advertisement.

As for the clientele, or "celebrities" and "world-famous people," according to the brochure they ranged all the way from Dorothy Parker (natch) to "Ives Montand and Simone de Feauvoir just to name a few" [*sic*]. So here is another triumph for the world of kitsch, where no effort or expense has been spared to make everything genuinely inauthentic. We learn that "Mr. Bodne's wife, Mary, even introduced Thorton [*sic*] Wilder to William Faulkner in the elevator, and James Dean used to eat there when he started out." I did not try eating in the elevator, keen as I am to be mistaken for James Dean, but I did get into the elevator and noticed a dreadful thing. Where once the buttons had read from one through thirteen, now they ran from one to twelve and were succeeded by "R." Had one floor been removed to create a roof garden, of the sort where Alexander Woollcott might have authentically bantered with Robert Benchley? The traditional servitor to whom I put the question averted his gaze. "Are you trying to tell me that the new management caters to people who won't sleep on a thirteenth floor?" He sadly agreed that this was so, adding that there was no stopping some folk.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Church Outing

EDWARD SOREL


UNLESS YOU GET THE DETROIT FREE PRESS YOU MISSED THIS STORY: A GROUP OF RELIGIOUS ZEALOTS, INCLUDING A FELICIAN NUN, SOMEHOW OBTAINED THE NAMES OF THOSE WOMEN WHO WERE SCHEDULED TO HAVE AN ABORTION AT A CLINIC IN LIVONIA, MICHIGAN. THEY THEN STOOD OUTSIDE THE CLINIC HOLDING UP LARGE PLACARDS BEARING THE NAMES OF THESE WOMEN WRIT LARGE, TOGETHER WITH THE WORDS, "DON'T KILL YOUR BABY."
DETROIT FREE PRESS

REV. ASHBY O. BRENEMAN JR, 41, WAS SENTENCED TO 7-18 YEARS IN PRISON FOR MOLESTING 6 BOYS AT THE CHURCH-RUN CANADOHTA LAKE BAPTIST YOUTH CAMP HE OPERATED. A BAPTIST MINISTER PLEADED FOR LENIENCY, SAYING BRENEMAN WAS UNDER A LOT OF PRESSURE.
— CORRY (PA.) JOURNAL 4-24-91

JOHN WILLIAM VOVKO, A PRIEST, WAS SENTENCED TO A YEAR IN JAIL FOR TRYING TO MOLEST A BOY, AGE TWO AND A HALF. THE TEACHING CERTIFICATE OF THE FORMER MESA HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER WILL BE REVOKED.
—DAILY STAR 5-5-91

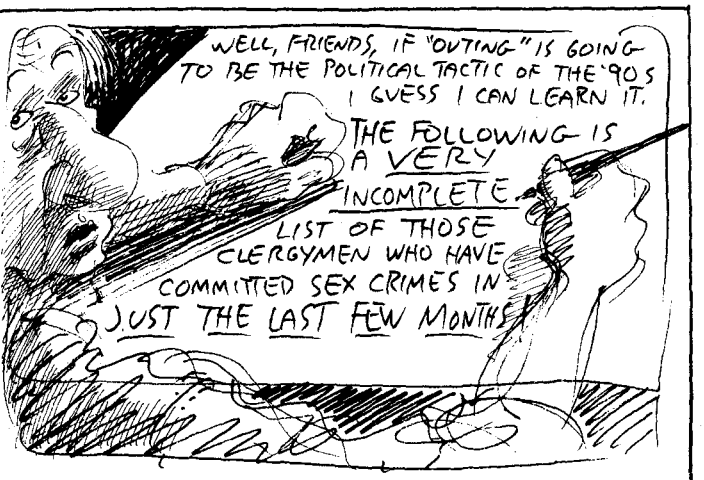
REV. JOHN GARGANO OF LONG ISLAND, 67, WAS CONVICTED OF 14 COUNTS OF RAPE, SODOMY, SEXUAL ABUSE AND CHILD ENDANGERMENT. FOUR VICTIMS, NOW AGES 13 TO 22, TESTIFIED THAT GARGANO REPRESENTED HIMSELF TO THEM AS THE ANGEL GABRIEL. HE MOLESTED THEM WHILE HEADING THE ETERNAL TABERNACLE CHURCH OF CENTRAL ISLIP. -DAILY NEWS 5-19-91

RICHARD KEARNEY, EPISCOPAL PASTOR OF WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS, WAS SENTENCED TO 4 YEARS IN PRISON FOR MOLESTING 4 BOYS. ONE WAS MOLESTED AT THE MINISTER'S APARTMENT, WHERE HE WENT FOR CONFIRMATION INSTRUCTION. COUNSELORS EVALUATED KEARNEY AS A PEDOPHILE, SEXUAL ADDICT AND COMPULSIVE EATER.
—NEWS-SUN 3-22-91

REV. NORBERT LA COSSE WAS SENTENCED TO 3-15 YEARS FOR MOLESTING A 12-YEAR-OLD ALTAR BOY.
-JACKSON CITIZEN PATRIOT 4-3-91

REV. WILLIAM KRUEGER, 71, FLED AFTER A WARRANT WAS ISSUED FOR HIS ARREST FOR CRIMINAL SEXUAL ASSAULT AND CHILD PORNOGRAPHY. PASTOR OF ST. LUKE'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, HE WAS FORMERLY CHAPLAIN FOR THE ILLINOIS HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
—[SPRINGFIELD] JOURNAL-REGISTER 3-16,21-91

LESLIE R. DANIELSON, 62, OF ARLINGTON, A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER IN GROTON, MASSACHUSETTS, WAS SENTENCED TO 5-10 YEARS FOR SEXUALLY ASSAULTING FOUR 5TH AND 6TH GRADERS.
-BOSTON HERALD 3-14-91


WELL, FRIENDS, IF "OUTING" IS GOING TO BE THE POLITICAL TACTIC OF THE '90S I GUESS I CAN LEARN IT.
THE FOLLOWING IS A VERY INCOMPLETE LIST OF THOSE CLERGYMEN WHO HAVE COMMITTED SEX CRIMES IN JUST THE LAST FEW MONTHS!

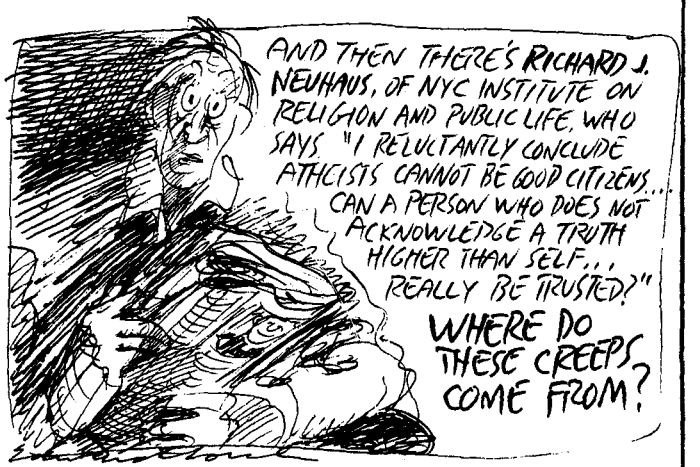
CAROLYN FERN GAWER, 51, WIFE OF A CRESCENT CITY, CALIFORNIA, MINISTER, RECEIVED NO JAIL TIME FOR INDUCING A MINOR TO ENGAGE IN SEXUAL INTERCOURSE. THE VICTIM WAS IN GAWER'S FOSTER CARE.
—TRIPLICATE 12-19-90

FATHER DOMINIC CANDARPA, A PRIEST IN BULLHEAD CITY, ARIZONA, WAS ARRESTED BETWEEN CHURCH SERVICES ON GOOD FRIDAY FOR SOLICITING SEX FROM TWO WOMEN FOR MONEY. HE IS ONE OF THREE PRIESTS IN ARIZONA WHO PERFORMS EXORCISMS.
—BULLHEAD CITY BEE 4-4-91

THOMAS CHLEBOSKI JR., A PRIEST IN WASHINGTON, D.C., WAS SENTENCED TO 22 YEARS IN PRISON FOR 7 FELONIES INVOLVING SEXUAL ASSAULT OF A 13-YEAR-OLD BOY. THE PRIEST PREYED ON THE SON OF A DIVORCED WOMAN HE WAS COUNSELING, PERSUADING HER TO TRANSFER THE BOY TO HIS PARISH SCHOOL. THE 30-YEAR-OLD PRIEST FACES SIMILAR CHARGES IN ANOTHER COUNTY.
— WASHINGTON POST 3-26-91, 5-24-91

JAMES ALLEN WELLER, 32, A LUTHERAN YOUTH WORKER, WAS SENTENCED TO 48 YEARS IN PRISON FOR SEX CRIMES AGAINST 5 MINORS AGED 10 TO 16. TEN ASSAULTS TOOK PLACE IN REDWOOD CITY BETWEEN 1986 AND 1989.
—LOS ANGELES TIMES 1-28-91

ALFRED GREATHOUSE, 62, A FORMER MINISTER FROM GRANDVIEW, WAS SENTENCED TO 10 YEARS IN PRISON FOR SODOMY, AFTER PAYING TEENAGE GIRLS FOR "HUGS AND KISSES." —KANSAS CITY STAR 3-16-91


AND THEN THERE'S RICHARD J. NEUHAUS, OF NYC INSTITUTE ON RELIGION AND PUBLIC LIFE, WHO SAYS "I RELUCTANTLY CONCLUDE ATHEISTS CANNOT BE GOOD CITIZENS... CAN A PERSON WHO DOES NOT ACKNOWLEDGE A TRUTH HIGHER THAN SELF... REALLY BE TRUSTED?"
WHERE DO THESE CREEPS COME FROM?

NEWS ITEMS FROM FREETHOUGHT TODAY OF MADISON, WISCONSIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

SAMURAI POLITICS

The Curious Clout Of Japan's Right

KARL TARO GREENFELD

Tokyo

The 71-year-old man in the light blue polyester suit with a wide floral-print necktie and dark sunglasses sitting across the picnic table from me believes I should not exist. Rikio Kishimoto, chair of the All-Japan Patriots Conference, insists that, among other things, Japanese should not intermarry with Westerners. I happen to be the son of a Japanese mother and American father.

We meet in the tree-shaded dining area of a concession stand at the entrance to Tokyo's Yasukuni Shrine, a memorial to Japanese who have fallen in battle. Behind me, a fleet of thirty privately owned armored sound trucks lines the gravel road leading to the shrine's gate. The trucks' sides are festooned with Rising Sun banners and painted slogans demanding "The Liberation of the Northern Territories." In the trucks' cabs, powerful sound systems are loaded with cassettes so that as the trucks make their way around Tokyo later this morning, they can blare martial music and Kishimoto's nationalist screeds at an earsplitting volume.

A column of blue-uniformed men four abreast and seventy deep marches between the stationary trucks, boots crunching the macadam at uneven intervals. Some of the men march with great precision and bearing, their uniforms impeccable and their steps crisp. Others have uniforms a few sizes too large and march with an exaggerated attentiveness—like children playing at being soldiers. A few have dropped out of the ranks altogether, ordered ice cream from the concession window and now sit near our picnic table eating and smoking. The ragtag parade is making its way to the shrine's altar, where the men will pay tribute before a day of cruising around Tokyo and disturbing the work force with their 100-watt slogans. Tokyo is notorious for its noise pollution. Numerous groups—from fax-machine salespeople to fanatical rightists—exploit the aural smog as if it were an advertising medium.

Kishimoto fought in the Great Pacific War in the Chinese theater. Although he nominally presides over only the All-Japan Patriots Conference, an umbrella organization of some 300 ultranationalist groups with nearly 30,000 members, he is the ideological leader of all the *uyoku*—Japan's activist ultranationalists. He adheres to the standard rightist views: The Emperor should be restored to prewar status; the Soviet Union should return the Kuril Islands; communism must be fought at all costs; Article 9 of the Japanese Constitution, limiting the military to self-defense, should be abolished (in fact, he says the Constitution should be scrapped altogether). He also believes that the Japanese are a "pure nation, homogeneous, and should not mix with other peoples."

"We are a family," he explains, leaning forward on his cane as he speaks. "That is why it does not make sense to have a Constitution protecting personal liberties. Like any family, there must be a balance between freedom and obedience. When this balance is disrupted, there will be conflict."

Kishimoto says intermarriage is one of the first steps in the breakdown of this family, within which, presumably, the Emperor rules like a stern father. He has divided intermarriage with different races into a hierarchy of categories: "Marriage with Chinese or Koreans is more desirable than with other Asians. And marriage with other Asians is still better than marriage with Westerners. At least it should stay Asian. Western people should not intermarry with Japanese—that will taint the purity." Other races, apparently, are not ranked.

According to the National Police Agency, there are about 840 right-wing groups with a total of 120,000 to 130,000 members in Japan. The most visible components of these groups are the sound trucks. While the *uyoku* occasionally promote one of their own for office (rightist leader Akao Bin was a perennial candidate for the Diet until his death last year), for the most part they function more covertly in the political system, both as behind-the-scenes pressure groups and as the political arm of the Yakuza, Japanese organized crime.

In their first capacity, the *uyoku* serve to gut-check mainstream conservative politicians and bureaucrats who, though reluctant to appear as ultranationalists, promote a reactionary and conservative agenda. Asao Mihara, Sokuichiro Tamaki and former prime minister Yasuhiro Nakasone, all prominent members of the ruling Liberal Democratic Party, favor strengthening the military and revising the Constitution. Nakasone's controversial 1985 official visit to the Yasukuni Shrine, where some war criminals are buried, was a bone thrown to the militarist far right. Some government policies also seem geared to placate ultranationalists: for example, using taxpayer money to sponsor the religious *daijosai*, the Shintoist Imperial Ascension ceremony, and insisting on rewriting textbooks to exonerate Japan from World War II atrocities. Considering that the majority of citizens were indifferent or opposed to the *daijosai* (for which private funding was available anyway), and that Japan's role in the war is already widely known, the Liberal Democratic Party's intransigence on these issues was, in the words of a veteran observer, "meant to appease the right wing."

Mainstream politicians heed the *uyoku* because of the immense wealth and influence of several avowed rightists who, though careful to avoid publicizing direct links with the *uyoku*, have expressed identical views. Prominent ultranationalists Yoshio Kodama and Ryoichi Sasakawa, who once proclaimed "I am the world's richest fascist," both have been kingmakers in Japanese politics. And since there is no law limiting the size of campaign contributions, politicians are well aware of the influence wielded by men like multibillionaire Sasakawa.

In addition to the financial carrot, there is a potentially le-

Karl Taro Greenfeld is managing editor of Tokyo Journal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thal stick for those who offend the ultranationalists. In 1989 the right-wing Seiki-Juku, or Common-Sense Party, tried to assassinate Mayor Hitoshi Motoshima of Nagasaki in retaliation for his saying that Emperor Hirohito bore "some responsibility" for World War II. Since recovering from a bullet in the back, Motoshima has been ousted from the Liberal Democratic Party and is now fighting for his political career. Mainstream politicians shun him and seek thus to drive him from office; his political opponents have exploited his severed links with the party, claiming he will be unable to obtain federal financing for building projects. Not a single politician rallied to Motoshima's side after he was shot.

The standard *uyoku* response to charges that they seek to curtail freedom of speech runs along the lines of this statement by Toyohisa Eto, chair of the All-Japan Youth Federation: "Freedom of speech is a good thing, but people like Mayor Motoshima must not abuse that privilege."

As political organizations, the *uyoku* are exempt from corporate taxes. That exemption encourages the criminal Yakuza groups to seek tax shelters by calling themselves political parties, and invariably their political views are ultranationalist. The links between the *uyoku* and Yakuza can be traced to the nineteenth century, when early ultranationalist groups like the Dark Ocean Society used Yakuza thugs to steal elections and threaten politicians. Today, the rank-and-file *uyoku* who ride the sound trucks are also frequently employed as strikebreakers or in the construction industry, both mob-controlled rackets. A veteran U.S. Embassy official says, "The right-wing movements are so intertwined with crime it's hard to take them seriously as political movements."

The National Police Agency is not particularly interested in curbing ultranationalist activity, criminal or not. While insisting that the Yakuza and *uyoku* were separate, Akira Makabe, a spokesperson for the agency, repeatedly mixed up their names during an interview, as in, "The Yakuza are strictly a political organization while the *uyoku* are more criminally inclined." The only serious monitoring of the *uyoku* is the requirement that they inform police of their intended sound-truck routes.

A Mercedes 560 SEL is parked in front of a red-brick condominium in Roppongi, the car's polished black surface and chrome glistening in the sun. Beside the Mercedes is a gray armored jeep with a young man in military-style uniform asleep behind the wheel. Roppongi is a fashionable part of Tokyo, and for Seiki-Juku to have chosen this area as its headquarters is indicative of the *uyoku*'s attempt to change their image from that of gangs of punch-permed drunks in sound trucks to slick corporate organizations or guardians of family values. (That Roppongi is notorious for being Yakuza-owned may also have played a part in Seiki-Juku's decision to locate here.)

The *uyoku* are aware of public opinion. As a result of *glasnost*, the Soviet Union, and thus communism, no longer seem a threat to most Japanese. And when Emperor Akihito said in 1989 that he supports the Constitution, which severely circumscribes his power and limits the military to a defensive posture, the ultranationalists risked becoming irrelevant and losing what little mainstream appeal they had.

They unveiled their new image in April, at a rally in Hibya Park protesting Mikhail Gorbachev's visit to Japan. Amid the 3,000 rightists and hundreds of banners proclaiming loyalty to the Emperor, demanding the return of the Kuril Islands and insisting that Japan should have become more involved in the gulf war were hundreds of casually dressed women and children eating boxed lunches and enjoying a day in the sun. Inside Seiki-Juku's Roppongi headquarters, however, where the men wear Italian-cut suits and expensive shoes, this friendly image quickly dissolves. Seishiro Wakashima, 48, the chair of the party and its ideological leader, sits together with Sergeant-at-Arms Shuichi Nakao, 37, in a posh, well-appointed office with an imposing wooden desk and photos of past and present emperors adorning the walls. Nakao has a short beard and wears gold wire-frame glasses. His face is thin and bony. As he talks he looks at his fingernails. Nakao has just been released from prison after serving five years for kidnapping a judge. "The judge said our slogans were stupid," Nakao explains. "So I kidnapped him at gunpoint and made him read the slogans and apologize."

Wakashima, a high school dropout, shares many of Kishimoto's views on race mixing. "In the future," he proclaims, "not so many people will intermarry because love of nation is the only thing we can share. Once you are yellow or black you can't really put it together. The attachment to nations is a stronger emotion. Americans cannot understand these things because America has no culture. It is only a movie culture. There are no traditions."

Seiki-Juku's agenda, of course, includes an Emperor with restored powers, a strengthened military and a Japan hegemonic over Asia. "We've helped Asian people throw out Western colonialists. Other Asians know we should take leadership.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RANDALL ENOS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For example, the Chinese are not very good at organizing things—if you have a business meeting with a Chinese you can see that. Japanese are the natural leaders of Asia."

All this would seem the blatherings of an inconsequential fringe group—Seiki-Juku has only twenty-five members—if it weren't for the shooting of Mayor Motoshima. Although the current members of Seiki-Juku deny any complicity in the crime, Wakashima says: "What he said was a grave problem. It could have changed Japan. At that time, with the Emperor sick and about to die and a new Emperor about to ascend, it was very important that people respected the Emperor. We had to stop Motoshima." That attack, and the subsequent indifference to it by the political establishment, shows the disproportionate amount of power the ultranationalists wield.

Yet few police officials and government observers acknowledge this. One veteran in the U.S. Embassy insists the ultranationalists "pose absolutely no threat and are not taken seriously by any serious politician." That runs counter to the facts. Very few politicians dare to defy the *uyoku* openly, and many government policies make sense only as rightist ideological pork barrels. Journalists and editors have been bullied and assaulted. The most widely reported incident was the attack by a 17-year-old rightist on the home of the editor of *Chuo Koron*, a respected news monthly, which had published a story that treated the Imperial family as less than divine. The maid was killed and the editor's wife severely injured. Since then, *Chuo Koron*'s handling of the Imperial family has been conspicuously gentle.

The *uyoku* receive generous corporate financing—Sumitomo Insurance, Nihon Shinpan and Honshu Seishi are among the major contributing corporations. Yukio Hori, author of *The Right Wing in Post War Japan*, asserts "Nearly every major corporation is extorted from by the *uyoku*." This money, coupled with an image makeover, could enable the new *uyoku*, every bit as violent as their predecessors in the 1920s and 1930s who led Japan to war, to appeal to the average voter more than sound trucks ever have.

Do the ultranationalists pose a real threat to Japanese civil liberties? The feeling that lingers after meeting with these groups is somewhere between the vague sense of impending danger one might have felt in Germany in 1923, after meeting Hitler, and the revulsion one had toward the American neo-Nazis' threatened march on Skokie, Illinois, in 1978. Although a convoy of thirty trucks with gigantic Rising Suns waving in the breeze can be an awesome sight, such displays are hard to take seriously. It is the shooting of politicians for political reasons that is ominous.

Rikio Kishimoto, the aging antimiscegenist, finishes our discussion by defending his wearing of a Western-style suit despite his belief that Japanese culture should remain untainted. "It is what is inside that matters. As long as my mind is pure, I can wear Western clothes. But when it comes to ceremony, it must be traditional clothes. Fortunately the Imperial Household Agency keeps the wardrobe traditional. But the Prime Minister wears Western clothes, and he shouldn't do that."

He receives a hand signal from one of his uniformed attendants that it is time to go.

"You know," I tell him, "I am a 'half.' My mother is Japanese and my father is American."

He looks at me appraisingly, as though noticing me for the first time. He smiles. "You are an American. That kind of thing goes on there. That is why your culture is so weak."

He hobbles away, beneath the swaying pines, to a waiting car. □

ENDLESS WAR IN BELFAST

The Victims Ask—Why?

SALLY BELFRAGE

Belfast

At the outlet of a wide river basin, nested between two protecting arms of hills, presided over by the giant cranes of the shipyard that built the Titanic, Belfast from a distance is the most picturesque of cities. In close-up, large sweeps of it are green and tidy and reek of gentility. The shops in the town center bustle, the opera thrives, the roses bloom, the Ideal Home Exhibition is oversubscribed. If you are careful you need never know that anything unsavory goes on. When war becomes a way of life, it's best contained and tucked away.

Up the Falls Road, the centerpiece of Catholic working-class life, is a combat zone that is picturesque in quite another, unique way—matched only by the Shankill, its Protestant mirror image. Off each of these thoroughfares, occasionally blocked by huge boulders to ward off car bombers, are ragged side streets with rows of two-up, two-down terraced cottages: Victorian housing for the mill workers, built as slums from the first. Inside bathrooms have been installed in most, and people living on the dole struggle to keep up payments on a three-piece suite, a bit of carpet, a TV; but the meanness of their lives is highlighted by the graffiti outside; the broken pavements and chipped, defaced lampposts and mailboxes; the burnt-out, bricked-up, half-demolished ruins on every street. The damage is worst on the side of the Falls facing the Shankill, and the little houses end abruptly in a "peace wall"—in places actually several walls or fences deep, some of wire, some solid metal, some concrete, all eight to twenty feet tall and daubed wherever possible with slogans. Beyond the wall the houses resume.

In one such house in one such street, Gerard Slane was shot dead at 4 in the morning by Protestant paramilitaries. His wife, Teresa, and their three children have moved to escape the memories of the terrible amount of blood, the thunder of the gunshots she hears yet, the image of the children holding their dead father's hands as he lay, most of his face blown off, at the top of the stairs.

Sally Belfrage, author of Living With War: A Belfast Year, *is currently writing an autobiographical memoir about the 1950s.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAICHI SAKAIYA
told the Japanese where to go.
And they listened.

THE KNOWLEDGE-VALUE REVOLUTION

or a History of the Future

"Once in a while, a major book will come along which challenges the unconscious paradigm that we use to view our society and our future. Taichi Sakaiya has written such a book."

—Philip Kotler, Distinguished Professor of International Marketing, J.L Kellogg Graduate School of Management, Northwestern University

"An extraordinary synthesis from Japan. From a sweeping global, historical perspective, Sakaiya confirms many Western views of today's crises of industrialism and economic growth."

—Hazel Henderson, author of *The Politics of Solar Age*

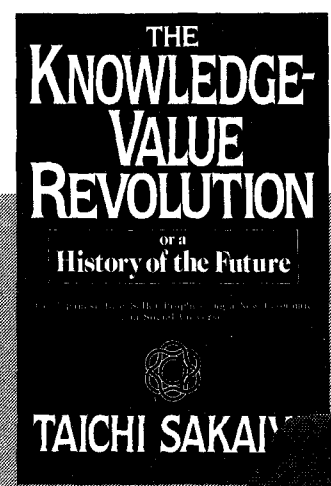
"This is really an excellent book....I suspect that Sakaiya has few peers in the Japanese intelligentsia; in his remarkably synthetic ability to view the future he has few peers in the world."

—Willis Harman, author of *Creative Work: The Constructive Role of Business in Transforming Society*

"The phrase 'knowledge-value society' takes some getting used to, but Sakaiya is talking about a society driven to consume those resources that will be the most abundant in the future—knowledge and time—on a huge scale....The way he builds his case may upset some readers, but this is a profoundly stimulating and fascinating book."

—The Asahi Shimbun

If you want to know what you should be doing tomorrow, you had better read this book today!



KODANSHA INTERNATIONAL

KODANSHA IS DISTRIBUTED BY FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Very blond and pretty, so young she looks a child herself, Teresa sits and chain-smokes with the youngest boy sucking on a rag at her knee. She still can't believe it, she says, in the way people do as a figure of speech, but a deadness in the voice makes you know it's true.

They had bashed down the door with sledgehammers, four gunmen, as the family lay sleeping, and Gerard ran to the top of the stairs and they shot him. Why Gerard? No one could make sense of it—but then his was only one of at least half a dozen apparently random murders in the area since the authorities made a gap in the peace wall for through traffic (and, as it turned out, quick getaways).

'It's me they killed that night. I will never come to terms with Ta's death.'

Then the next issue of *Ulster*, magazine of the Protestant paramilitary Ulster Defense Association, came out and claimed the death. They justified it on the ground that Slane had murdered one of theirs. "This individual will never again rob a wife of her husband and her children a father," it said, reserving "the right to defend the Protestant people of Ulster from those who would terrorize them, by whatever means, into subjection."

Teresa, a robbed wife if ever there was one, supposes it all really began a couple of years ago when she and Gerard found a gun in the outside lavatory of their unconverted house. Someone else had stashed it there, but Gerard, who made the mistake of taking it inside, was arrested for possession. He got off with a suspended sentence because the courts believed his story. It was the same story everyone tells, but the authorities know well—everyone knows—who in fact are paramilitaries and use specific charges to nail them. Had Gerard been a member, in any case, the I.R.A. would have claimed him after his death, if only implicitly, with the panoply of a soldier's funeral—six men in black hoods shooting ceremonially (and illegally, therefore quickly melting from the scene) over a coffin draped in an Irish tricolor and the mask and gloves of a volunteer.

"Sure he wouldn't even go to the protest meetings or the marches up the road," said Teresa. "He believed in the cause they were fighting for, but other than that he wasn't involved in any organization."

The real clue to Why Gerard? was the photograph beside the article. It was his police mug shot. Someone in the U.D.A. obviously thought, mug shot = guilt. How had they got it? Such things happen. The police are mostly local Protestants, some of whom collude with the paramilitaries; the soldiers, too, though supposedly neutral, don't disguise which side they are on. In fact, Teresa's family is singled out now for army and police special treatment—it was men in uniform who painted IRA BASTARD outside and who still taunt the children about their father's nose (where one bullet hit) and shine flashlights through their windows all night from passing "pigs" (armored personnel carriers) and shout "joke" death threats at Gerard's surviving brother, whose nerves are gone.

The eldest child, who saw his father die and cannot reconcile himself despite psychiatric help, registers all this and, his mother thinks, is being driven inexorably toward joining the armed struggle himself when he is grown. "He would be the kind," she says. "And now it would be hard not to be involved." He cries all the time, and has stopped cooperating at school, so the school sent him on a holiday abroad hoping to cheer him up. She showed me his picture: truculent at not yet 10.

But most of the pictures are of Gerard. As in each little house with a widow in it, or a mother, there is a scrapbook with the clippings of the killing and the death notices from the newspaper carefully pasted in. Often there are enlarged snapshots framed and hung above the mantelpiece—all the blurred boys.

In its effort to lock up "terrorists" the British government has resorted to many questionable tactics. Among them was the mid-1980s phenomenon of the "supergrass": a paramilitary of either side persuaded, one way or another, to inform on his colleagues. Famous among the victims of this maneuver was Ta Power, in this case a Catholic, who spent a longer period on remand than any other prisoner in British history—five years—as one supergrass after another named him and then changed his mind or was discredited in court. Ta Power was conspicuous for two other reasons. He had resolved not to cut his hair until he was free, by which time its red waves flowed halfway down his back. He also had a mother, Margaret, who was single-mindedly determined to reverse the injustice of his fate, and that of the others in with him, including Protestants, who were being named by their own informers. The principle of the thing was what concerned her, and in its cause she traveled the world. Her trips to England became routine, to lobby the House of Commons, petition some media figure, picket the Old Bailey, address meetings. She went on half a dozen speaking tours of the United States and wrote to anyone who might be remotely interested or influential. She met regularly with the Protestant wives and mothers who were similarly placed. The world, or those parts of it she touched, stood in awe at the pure maternal flame that was Margaret Power.

Ta was finally released, with a pardon, on December 23, 1986. Twenty-eight days later he was murdered. His killer was one of the very men with whom he had been jailed and tried, one of the men Margaret Power had fought for, too, who himself died soon afterward in the violent feud that resulted within their paramilitary organization, the I.N.L.A. (Irish National Liberation Army).

She was at her work, washing dishes at a restaurant, when it happened. "It's me they killed that night. I will never come to terms with Ta's death," she says. "I will never forgive them. I've even told the priests, No, I'll never get rid of that hatred."

Her husband, "an old man overnight," was dead within the year. Two of her daughters moved with their families to Galway in the South. Having once supported the cause for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which Ta stood, Margaret Power doesn't even buy a newspaper anymore. "I was never for the sectarian thing, but I still believed in them fighting for a united Ireland, because such a small island, why is it separated, why all these lives getting lost? But see now, I'm not interested. I don't care if Britain's with us forever."

Once she had another son, Jim, an I.N.L.A. staff member who was killed in 1981 when a bomb he was trying to defuse exploded. He was 21, younger than Ta. Afterward Ta hung on the wall a framed montage of Jim's picture with some text, which began, "Revolutionaries Are Dead Men on Leave." Many more pictures have been hung on the sitting-room walls since those days, of Ta himself. The room is a four-sided shrine.

Margaret Power has only daughters left now, and their children. None of the four girls are interested in the armed struggle, and as for the grandchildren, "If I can help it, if I'm still living, they'll not be on the street. 'Cause I'd beat their faces in."

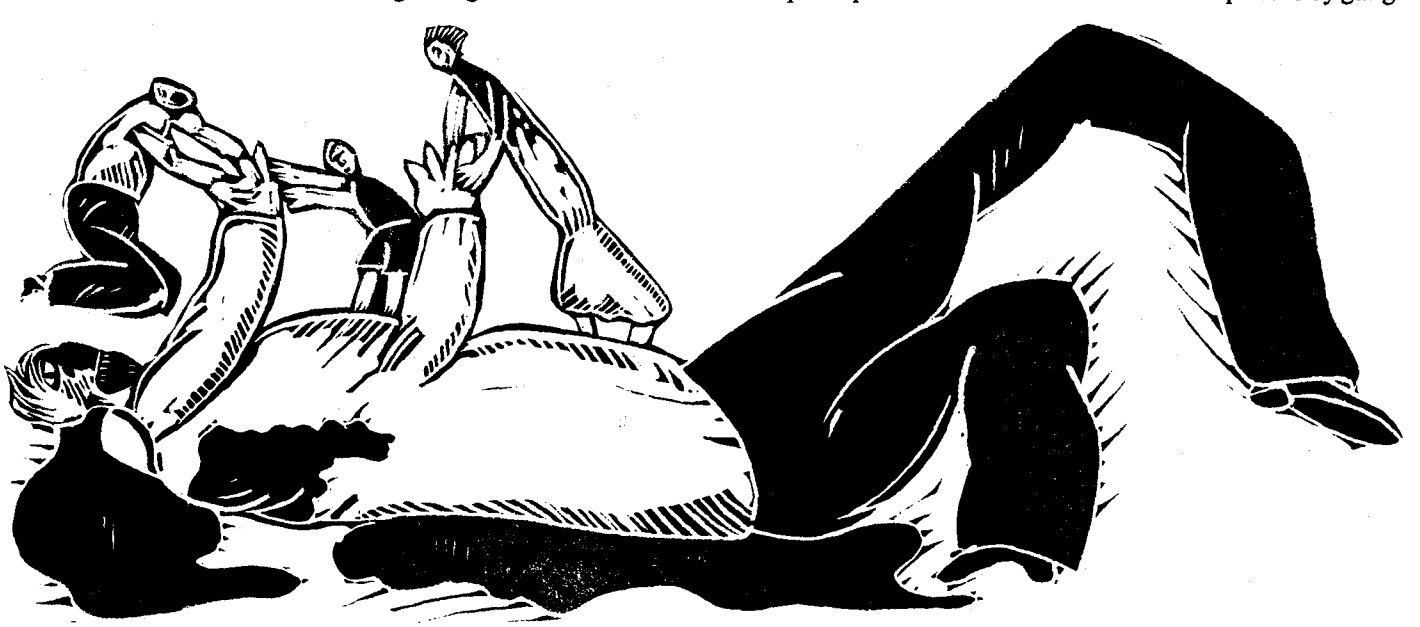
At a hideaway in some far-off hills, after a mysterious roundabout ride, an interview was set up for an American TV journalist—I a spectator—to film a group of Ulster Volunteer Force (Protestant) men in black balaclavas, sitting behind an artfully arranged display of Loyalist flags and guns. "You guys are not convincing, let me tell you," commented the American after the filming, at the end of his patience with their naïve, tough-guy talk.

All would-be guerrillas have a built-in credibility problem, because of having in normal life to appear invisible. One of the men the American called unconvincing was John Bingham, who was all too adroit at blending in and far too nice to be a killer. Just pardoned from a twenty-year sentence after serving two on the word of a supergrass, he was the son of a policeman, in no way corrupt or bigoted, a charming family man and uproarious storyteller. The war he saw with a curiously passionate dispassion, as he told, say, of the explosions he once witnessed that rocked his city, a tale full of "Boof!" and "Boof!" and details like the car fender that careered through the air, a giant propeller, before embedding itself in the side of Mrs. Rosie McNiece. Regarding his recent incarceration, with tears in his eyes and kids on his lap he had protested not only his innocence but also the impossibility of the charge because of his absolute disbelief in violence as a solution to anything. His support for the Ulster Volunteer Force was for historical family reasons—his "grand-da" had been a member in World War I. All John wanted was peace and "a wee bit of ground" to farm and keep his pigeons.

Half a year later Bingham was shot dead in the night in his home by the I.R.A., because, they announced, he had "actively organized the murder of a number of Catholics in the Belfast area." While such summary justice is obviously unreliable (though hardly more so than the British courts in Irish trials), it was certainly true that half a dozen Catholics living nearby had recently been gunned down. Most of them appeared to have had nothing against them but their religion. Even a couple of newlyweds were shot in their bed: The bride was a Protestant, her choice of husband a death sentence. The American TV man still refuses to believe that Bingham had anything to do with it. But after his assassination the killings stopped. Those killings, at any rate. It is haunting to wonder whether Bingham, if he was the killer, had been goaded by the challenge of a journalist with a camera. The media are very influential in this war.

Conveniently situated and relatively safe, Northern Ireland has had saturation coverage since the Troubles began. Reaction follows action in record time. The reporting acts as a mirror to the fighters. They earn attention out of all proportion to their importance, for a feature of this inglorious struggle is its miniature quality. Barely a million and a half people, the actual population of the North, are involved even as bystanders. The actual fighters can be counted in the low hundreds. The supporters of violence among the populace, as distinct from the supporters of the *causes* of the violence, amount to no more than "2 to 3 percent on either side," according to a peacemaker familiar with both. From many points of view the whole thing is absurd. Except for the widows and orphans and parents of the dead.

The Northern Irish war is a good example of how fighters with principles can be intimidated out of the picture by gang-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sters, extortionists, racketeers. In a lawless society, protection racketeering comes naturally. "D.T.A.," people say: Don't trust anyone. There are few heroes here, except to the ghetto young who venerate the man with the breast pocket stuffed with ill-gotten bills. A Protestant ex-fighter lamented their situation: "The lads coming up today are worse than we were," he said. "They're not bothered if they get kneecapped, they don't know what the political parties stand for. They haven't a dog's chance of not growing into it themselves; they live, eat and sleep paramilitaries."

That man, having started prison when he was 19, has just been released from a triple life sentence at 40, and is only beginning to live in the world. He is tough, lean and strong; for half his time on earth he had nothing to do but look after his body. Sorrow, remorse, guilt and shame battle in him and torture him. Because he has lost half his life for a cause he no longer believes in, he may be the greatest victim of all. When he talks, it sounds like this:

What did I do
nearly 19 years down the tube
for what?

I'm still a prisoner within myself
My life sentence didn't finish the day I got out
My life sentence is until the day I die

We thought we were soldiers
Rambos

The Brits have a lot to answer for
not just this country
divide and conquer

They can sit over there hoity toity in the House of Commons
But when you have a wounded country it's the people of that country who must heal the wound

I'd let the Brits go tomorrow

I went off the Brits a long time ago
I'm not a Brit
I'm an Ulsterman
We all are.

We have to face up to reality, with no back door

No back door.

I'd let the Brits go tomorrow, says the Protestant. *I don't care if Britain's with us forever,* says the Catholic. For many of the victims, the war is over. □

SUBSCRIBER SERVICES

MOVING?

Send both your old mailing label and your new address to:

THE NATION
P.O. Box 10763
Des Moines IA 50340-0763

Please allow 4-6 weeks for processing.

PROBLEMS?

If you have any problems or questions regarding your subscription, please write to us at the address to the left, or call:

1 (800) 333-8536
Monday to Friday
7:00 am to 7:00 pm CST
Saturday
8:00 am to 4:00 pm CST

REBEL RADIO

Rappin' in The 'Hood

LUIS J. RODRÍGUEZ

Napoleon Williams spent last New Year's Day in a jail cell in the central Illinois town of Decatur. Williams, now 36, had been in jail since December 19, when police took him into custody on a warrant for failure to appear in court on a charge of sexual assault, for which he had earlier served two weeks awaiting bail. This second-time bond was set at $75,000. He didn't get out until April 1; by then the charge of failing to appear had been dismissed and that of sexual assault, for which there was uncertain evidence even according to prosecutors, was reduced to battery on a plea bargain offered by Williams himself in exchange for release from prison and recovery of possessions confiscated when police invaded his home. Previously Williams had faced allegations of working with drug dealers, soliciting for murder, threatening witnesses. None of these charges ever stuck (indeed, two of them were never formally made), but with the battery rap, which Williams denies but says he proposed as an expedient, they add up to a pretty nasty picture—which appears to be exactly what the police are after.

Williams's troubles with the law have all arisen since August 22, 1990, the day he began broadcasting over Liberation Radio, a low-powered, unlicensed station based in his home. Some people call it pirate radio. But in Decatur, Liberation Radio is the only African-American station—in a town with a heavily black population. It is also a station that tries to bring to the community news the "legitimate" media fail to, particularly news of the kind of police harassment and abuse that for Williams are new experiences but for Decatur's poor neighborhoods are regular features of life.

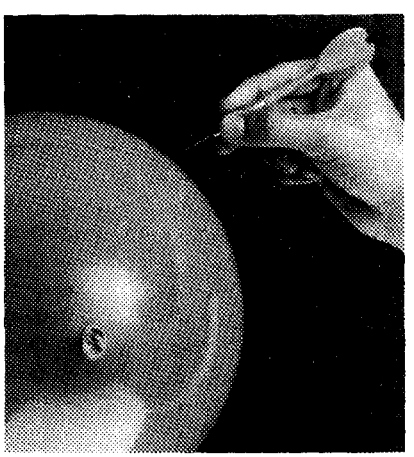
"None of this happened for nothing," says Williams, who believes the police have been using criminal accusations to make him out to be a pariah whom nobody would want to listen to; whom nobody would defend. "It's nothing less than official censorship."

Under the Federal Communications Commission's mandate, unlicensed outfits like Liberation Radio are illegal, and federal marshals may seize or dismantle their transmitting equipment and fine their proprietors up to $2,000. The rationale is that the airwaves are a finite medium, but in the case of shoestring stations broadcasting over unassigned or open frequencies, and reaching listeners within a short range (often one to five miles), legitimate notions of regulation give way to more repressive reflexes. In the communications world as elsewhere, there's nothing like the threat of a good example, and anyone who can advertise free speech with little more than a Radio Shack Mr. Microphone and fifty feet of pipe is a

Luis J. Rodríguez is a poet, journalist and critic who lives in Chicago.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why the most skeptical people in America subscribe to The Nation.



Our editorial philosophy.

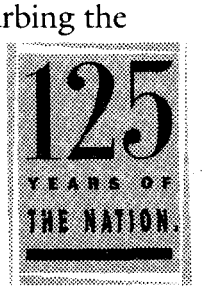
The Nation is older than General Motors and the USSR. We even predate sliced bread.

Yet, despite our advanced age, we have never settled for mere respectability.

Indeed, the longer we're around, the more we pride ourselves on disturbing the status quo.

A paradox?

Not to thousands of our readers still able to declare they are "radical," let alone liberal.



Our history.

They prize the challenge we present forty-seven times a year.

The challenge to their assumptions. Their sense of what the news portends. And the disinformation that too often masquerades as news.

We always do our very best to keep all our readers freshly provoked.

With regular contributions from such iconoclasts as Alexander Cockburn, Katha Pollitt, Christopher Hitchens, Molly Ivins, Gore Vidal, Calvin Trillin, and drawings from the likes of Edward Sorel (well, nobody else is like Mr. Sorel).

Our taste in art.

Why do the most skeptical people in America subscribe to The Nation?

Because they ask the toughest questions and demand the liveliest answers.

Prove it:

Subscribe for yourself.

Our offer (for new subscribers only): Save $20 off the single-copy price when you subscribe to 24 issues of The Nation—one-half year—for just $18.

[ ] My payment is enclosed. [ ] Bill me later.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

Please mail to: PO Box 10791, Des Moines, IA 50340-0791

The Nation.

Unconventional wisdom since 1865.

HHH1

Produced by Public Media Center

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

potent threat. When such broadcasts are beamed from the roofs of housing projects or inner-city apartment buildings, they set off alarms for local police, who have no authority to enforce F.C.C. rules but nevertheless have a powerful interest in exercising control.

In 1990 a feature film called *Pump Up the Volume* brought some public attention to the concept of rebel radio. (Unlicensed broadcasters reject the term "pirate radio," saying it criminalizes their right of free speech.) In the movie a teenager sets up a station in the basement of his home. He becomes a strong and relevant voice for his peers. *Pump Up the Volume* dealt forcefully with the empowerment of communities that normally lack the means or clout to communicate their views and music on the airwaves.

"Most black or poor communities cannot afford the $100,000 required to begin a standard station," Black Rose, an unlicensed broadcaster out of Fresno, California, says. "And most of us don't want to sign a contract with the F.C.C. that determines what it is we can put on the air."

Black Rose, *a k a* Walter Dunn, started broadcasting out of a 1944 Arjo trailer in 1985, establishing what he was to call Zoom Black Magic Radio "as a matter of right and not privilege" in a town that he says gave poor people no access to the airwaves. At times his 122-watt ERP station had a reach of thirty-five miles, and in 1989, right before the F.C.C. shut it down and confiscated its equipment, Rose and his program director, Mr. Ebony, were on the air twenty-four hours a day. Now Rose travels the country talking with others who, as he puts it, "claim the frequency in the name of humanity." He says he has had people from more than twenty-five cities request his help in getting started, and he aims to set up a national chain of community-based, nonlicensed, low-power stations.

In Springfield, Illinois, not far from Decatur, Mbanna Kantako has a similar aim. Kantako, a 27-year-old community activist, runs Black Liberation Radio, which he began in 1986 as WTRA, radio of the Tenants Rights Association, using $600 equipment covering a radius of about a mile. This was enough to reach 1,000 or so residents of the John Hay Homes, a predominantly black public housing complex where Kantako lives. BLR has since become more formidable, and Kantako has even made a video showing how equipment can be obtained and set up without much technical know-how. "Anybody can get on the air," he says.

In this sense, unlicensed radio is the media analogue of music like rap, which was created mostly by young people who had been written off and who did their thing without capital or support or even training. As black and Latino youth were making new music in the basements of the South Bronx and other major cities, new outlets for their music also had to be created. Nonlicensed radio filled the void, particularly for music with a message.

Kantako says that Black Liberation Radio frequently uses the political and social commentary from rap groups like Public Enemy and N.W.A. At the time when some rap acts were being banned and targeted by police in many cities, Kantako would play uncut versions of songs like "F____ tha Police" or "The Nigga Ya Love to Hate." This he could not do if he set up his station under F.C.C. regulations.

But rebel stations serve the community in ways beyond entertainment. Ever since the station began in Springfield, Kantako has exposed police abuse in Hay Homes. Kantako says that before he came on the air, police killed at least one resident a year there. He even broadcasts police frequency channels to alert the community of the cops' whereabouts. He has suffered as a result. The hip-hop magazine *The Source* reported, for example, that after police beat an elderly black man in 1989, Kantako said the wrong things and found the F.C.C. at his front door. In November 1990 a court ruled against Kantako for "illegally using the airwaves." He has continued to broadcast nonetheless, and so far the federal government has not enforced the ruling.

As with Williams, repercussions from police have struck closer to home for Kantako. Several people who work with him have been harassed or arrested on numerous trumped-up charges. Eight years ago Kantako himself suffered further eye damage after a scuffle among friends drew police, who wound up severely beating him. Most recently, Springfield police arrested Kantako's 9-year-old son. According to a BLR newsletter dated June 10, the boy "was recently arrested, booked and photographed for a police mug shot for being involved in a shoving match during a soccer game at his elementary school!" (The police refuse to comment.)

Yet in the five years since he started broadcasting, Kantako maintains, the number of police abuse cases has fallen: "The station is helping stop the violence." I had a firsthand taste of this on the night of October 13, 1990. Tony Prince, a correspondent for the Chicago-based Communist Labor Party tabloid the *People's Tribune*, and I were invited to talk on a live, in-house broadcast in Hay Homes. (The *PT* once had a weekly program on Kantako's station called *Deadly Force* which analyzed the national incidence of police abuse.) As soon as we left Kantako's apartment, two police officers yelled at us to stop and then ordered us to spread our legs and place our hands against a wall. They had been standing near the apartment next to marked-car units, apparently listening to our on-the-air comments on police terror.

For about twenty minutes the officers searched us and tried to provoke us into doing something stupid. One even accused me of being a gang member because of a *pachuco* tattoo on my hand that goes back to my street days in Los Angeles, some twenty years ago. Suddenly, residents of the project began pouring out of their apartments. It turned out Kantako was broadcasting an account of what the police were doing as his wife, Beverly, relayed details from the porch. This "residents watch" forced the police to let us go. It gave me a vivid sense of the power of radio in the hands of those representative of the community's interests.

Coincidentally or not, a half hour later on that same night the Emergency Response Team of the Decatur police burst into the home of Napoleon Williams. They had a warrant for his arrest for allegedly videotaping a discussion in which drug dealers were plotting to murder two Decatur vice officers. Police confiscated videotapes and a camera.

Mildred Jones, 21, who lives with Williams and is the moth-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

er of their 2-year-old daughter, Unique Dream, says the cops used battering rams to break down the front and back doors. Jones says at one point an officer ran into Unique Dream's bedroom with gun in hand and pointed it at the girl's sleeping figure in bed.

"They held a gun on my daughter," Jones says. "What if she had gotten up?"

The official police explanation was that Williams was working with drug dealers. And the next day's papers were splashed with lurid headlines portraying Williams as a solicitor for the murder of cops. But Williams was never arrested or charged for anything in connection with the raid.

Today Williams is free. But he has not received any apology, compensation (he says it cost $1,500 to fix his doors) or disclaimer clearing his name from wrongdoing. He continues to broadcast nightly and says he "came back with a bang." He set up a new antenna and has beefed up his power, extending his reach from a radius of about a mile to one of more than five miles.

"They can arrest Napoleon," Jones says, "but not the airwaves." □

Race Problem

(*Continued From Front Cover.*)

ming from those complaints, even though the federal district judge in the Latino agents' case, Lucius Bunton of Midland, Texas, ordered the bureau to end its discrimination in promotions and working conditions and lambasted the agency's bias-complaint process as "bankrupt." The inattention is all the more surprising because Judge Bunton also found that Latino agents were routinely given minor assignments and often transferred around the bureau's so-called "taco circuit" as translators. The judge's ruling came in 1988, but Latino agents were still complaining last year about bias and retaliation for joining the lawsuit.

The bureau, however, did take a few blows after another complaint was filed by a black agent in 1987. Donald Rochon, whose intimidation at the hands of white co-workers at the F.B.I.'s Omaha and Chicago field offices was documented for millions of television viewers by CBS's *60 Minutes*, agreed to drop his case last year in return for a retirement-benefit package, valued at more than $1 million, and other concessions. Moreover, the bureau, after a seven-month investigation of Rochon's allegations, has taken disciplinary action against at least one of the eleven F.B.I. employees identified as his tormentors.

But Rochon is just one individual; a far bigger drama is being staged around a fourth class-action lawsuit expected to be filed on behalf of all black special agents, a group the bureau variously figures to number between 477 and 483 men and women. And while a few details about the threatened suit have been leaked to the press by both sides, the public is largely unaware of the broad scope of the agents' complaints and the explosive nature of the backlash they've caused.

Jeffrey Taren, a Chicago lawyer who was involved in the Rochon case and is now representing the black agents in what he called "pre-filing negotiations" with top bureau officials, says their legal threat amounts to a mutiny arising from long-simmering complaints about racism in the workplace. "These are not the type of people who stage slowdowns or walkouts; these are conservatives by and large," Taren said. "But they've finally decided they've had enough." He noted that the bureau has a backlog of at least 122 unresolved equal employment opportunity complaints against it.

Taren is reluctant to discuss the specifics of his clients' demands, but he confirmed that a group of about 250 black agents drew up a roster of nineteen relevant "issues" in April, hours before they demanded and were granted a meeting with F.B.I. Director William Sessions at a suburban Washington hotel. In that four-hour confrontation, the agents protested that a "racially-hostile environment exists in the Agency," where, they said, "rules are bent or ignored to favor white agents." They complained that "blacks receive disproportionately lower performance reviews due to excessive subjectivity" and that "black agents who complain of unequal treatment are retaliated against."

The agents said their squad, division and even case assignments are discriminatory, denying them opportunity for advancement. "Blacks are denied resident agent assignments and are concentrated in black urban areas," they said, adding that they also predominate in the bureau's economic opportunity, applicant desk and identification divisions, while whites are centered in operations and criminal investigation divisions. The agents also said they are "denied blue chip cases" and that "cases developed by black agents are taken away if they become high profile." Finally, the agents also leveled a series of criticisms directly at the white "buddy system" that controls career advancement, saying blacks have unequal access to training, are "disproportionately disciplined" and are "under-represented in top managerial positions."

Just before his extraordinary meeting with the black agents, Sessions had tried to defuse the increasingly tense atmosphere in the bureau with several moves. He announced that the bureau would discipline perhaps all of the eleven agents involved in harassing Rochon, and he released a thirty-nine-page report lauding the tripling in size of the bureau's equal employment opportunity office and the establishment of a "special" category to speed action on complaints. The former federal judge went even further after the April meeting, agreeing to extend the legal deadline by which agents could raise bias claims and to turn over classified employment data to the black agents' lawyers. Moreover, he also summoned all bureau field-office managers to Washington for an even more unusual meeting to discuss discrimination in the agency.

But while Sessions's actions suggest the bureau is bent on avoiding the filing of a fourth class-action suit in the midst of the debate over a new civil rights bill, the contents of two internal F.B.I. studies may make a lawsuit inevitable. The highly critical reports, completed last November and February by an outside consulting company called Psychological Services, essentially corroborate the black agents' charges con-

Don Michak is a reporter for the Journal Inquirer *in Manchester, Connecticut.*

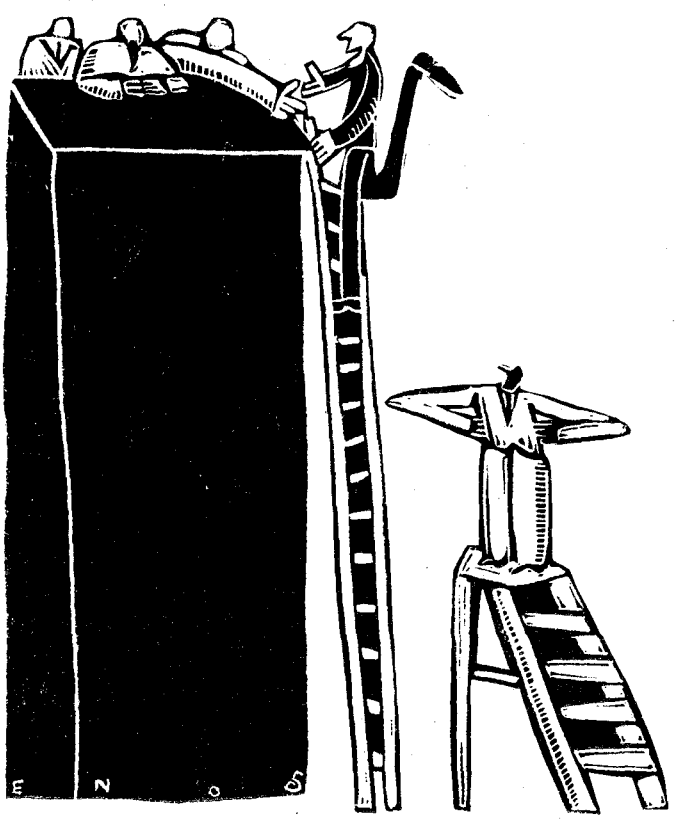
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cerning the F.B.I.'s "Career Development Program" (C.D.P.), which is used to promote special agents to midlevel managers. The reports show that bureau officials themselves described the manager-selection process as "a good old boy system" in which "promotions are based on who the candidate knows rather than what the candidate knows."

Similarly, when the consultants asked agents about the C.D.P., more than 100 said the bureau should scrap the program, which was frequently described as "a joke." One respondent wrote, "Since the majority of the Special Agents participating in the program are white males, the minority Special Agent is consequently not given an opportunity to network and develop mentor relationships with Special Agents in supervisory positions. Therefore, members of minority groups are not given access to the informal gatherings where the crucial networking and mentor relationships are developed with Special Agents in supervisory positions."

Unsurprisingly, the consultants' findings also read like a legal brief for the black agents. The reports declare that "the CDP does not comply with professional standards and legal guidelines," and they conclude that "the single most important selection criterion is the candidate's reputation, or the 'book,' which is based on unstandardized and informal evaluations and which is undocumented."

Liz Cassell, a special agent assigned to F.B.I. headquarters and the blacks' spokesperson, insists it's possible no lawsuit will be lodged against the bureau if the authorities are willing to listen and operate in good faith. When asked if a filing was likely later this summer, she answered, "Not if the negotiations continue as they are." Cassell, however, also confirmed that the black agents have formed a nonprofit corporation in the District of Columbia called Black Agents Don't Get Equality (BADGE), which is expected to raise several hundred thousand dollars to pay for the threatened lawsuit. "That is what it is at this point, a potential lawsuit," she said. "We want to resolve all the problems, and we hope we can do that without litigation. However, as a final resort, if it comes to litigation then of course we want to be financially prepared for that."



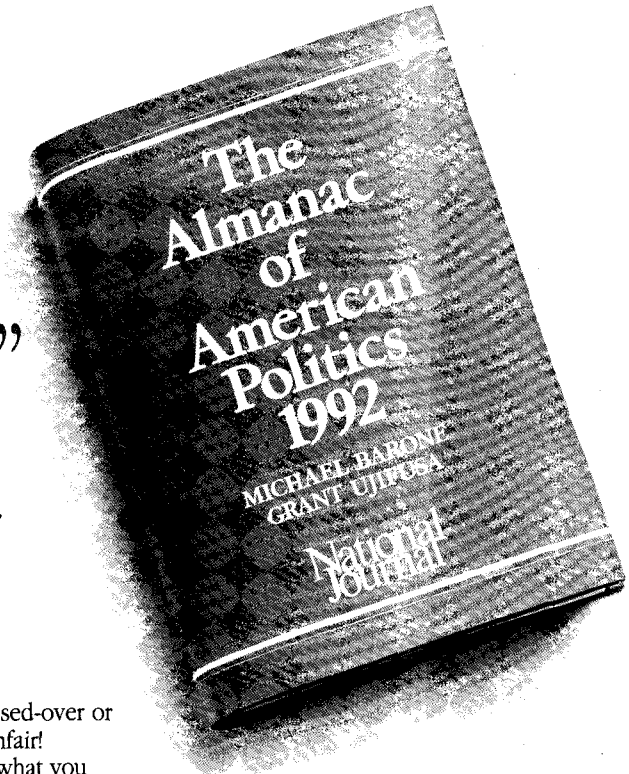
But the potential plaintiffs are not the only agents organizing for a showdown. One special agent in Chicago says his colleagues recently solicited money to make up for a three-week suspension without pay handed out to Richard Ganslein, one of the agents involved in the Rochon case, and another in Miami reports that whites fed up with the blacks' demands have informally banded together as the Regular White Guys. Moreover, those developments occurred as several hundred members of the F.B.I. Agents Association chapters in Washington and Miami met to discuss resolutions against racial and sexual quotas and goals in hiring or promotion, according to *The Washington Post*. The newspaper quoted Larry Langberg, a special agent in Los Angeles and president of the 5,800-member group, explaining that while his organization wanted any discrimination "straightened out," it also opposed "anyone receiving special treatment based on race or gender." Several weeks later Langberg, who did not return repeated telephone calls to his Los Angeles office and the agents association headquarters in New Rochelle, New York, for this story, told *The New York Times* that the F.B.I. gives minorities and women unfair job preferences by allowing them to pass the bureau entrance exam with lower scores than white men. He added that some white agents consider that a hiring quota.

These complaints have sparked an ongoing review of the bureau's hiring and promotion practices by the Justice Department's civil rights division, which some black agents suspect wants to remind Sessions to toe the Bush Administration's politically correct line against "unfair job preferences." Bureau officials have since stopped talking about the blacks' demands, their continuing negotiations to avoid a lawsuit and anything else connected with the controversy. "The only statement we are prepared to make is that this matter is being reviewed by the F.B.I. and the Department of Justice civil rights division," said F.B.I. spokesperson Leslie Wallace.

Cassell, however, says that for the good of the bureau, she and other black agents have no intention of shutting up. "So far it appears that the F.B.I. has been forthcoming in attempting to make changes, and make real changes," she said. "But if the civil rights division is coming in and saying we can't do this and giving the idea that it's a quota, they're misunderstanding what this is about. I don't think anything the black agents are trying to do contradicts anything the President is trying to do. My view is that what the black agents are trying to do has nothing to do with quotas, or with special treatments for a certain group. We're interested in fair treatment for all agents, and it's just that the black agents are in the forefront of change. What we've seen so far indicates that not all agents are treated fairly, including white agents, because the Career Development Program in some respects shows arbitrariness. We do not want to be pitted against the white agents—our concern is for the equitable treatment of all agents." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

George Will calls it, "The Bible of American politics."



You'll call it the most revealing and entertaining political source you've ever seen. Examine it free for 30 days and see for yourself.

THIS is the book that will change the way you think about elections, elected leaders, politics ... forever.

Here, in one rich, entertaining, absolutely uncompromising source is the deep-down bedrock TRUTH about 585 elected leaders -- every governor, senator and representative in America, including yours!

The 1992 ALMANAC OF AMERICAN POLITICS is a genuine original. It has no peer. Columnist George Will call it, "the Bible of American politics."

Little wonder. The ALMANAC is the one source everyone refers to. Because the ALMANAC reveals what politicians do. In shrewd, candid profiles you'll find out who your legislators are (the incumbents and the newly elected), what they stand for, how they got elected, and how they'll affect local, state and national issues.

This truly is the good stuff. Cold, hard facts on career history, voting records, committee assignments, campaign finances, interest group ratings and more! Nothing that can be denied, comouflaged, obfuscated, covered-up, glossed-over or just obliterated. It's almost unfair!

The ALMANAC gives you what you want and need--but rarely get. Straight answers. How does your representative really vote on key issues? How much money does your governor really accept from PACs? How do special interest lobbyists really rate your senators? It's all in here!

The 1992 ALMANAC is a fascinating journey into the heart and soul of American politics. Vivid, colorful narratives, with rich, historic perspective, take you to every state and congressional district--all 435 of them. You'll travel the highways and backroads into the cities and towns where dreams are born and careers forged.

It's a startling, textured portrait of the American people. How we choose our leaders--and why. From the bayou parishes of Louisiana to the factory wards of Detroit to the ivory tower enclaves of Cambridge, you'll see how cultural attitudes and status have become the leading predictors of political preference in the '90s.

There's no other source remotely like the ALMANAC OF AMERICAN POLITICS. Nothing else uncovers the truth -- or provides such a rare, crystalline view of the men and women who lead us.

For years, the ALMANAC has been a well-kept secret -- jealously guarded by the journalists, lobbyists and Washington insiders who feast on its intimate revelations. Now the secret is out. Now you can reserve a copy of the most revealing political source in America at our special, pre-publication discount: $12 off the hardcover bookstore price, $5 off the softcover. To reserve your discounted copy, we must have your order by September 1!

SURPRISING ANSWERS TO UNUSUAL QUESTIONS:

- ★ Which state will doom Democratic presidential hopes in 1992?
- ★ Who gobbled up the most PAC money in the Senate? The House?
- ★ Why do many consider it a blessing that so few Americans vote?
- ★ Which state is most hawkish? Most dovish?
- ★ Why did Speaker Tom Foley once vote against himself?
- ★ Where is U.S. voter turn- out highest? (Hint: It's not in a U.S.State.)
- ★ Which state has the highest tax burden? The lowest?

YES! I want to take advantage of this pre-publication offer. Reserve my copy (ies) of the ALMANAC OF AMERICAN POLITICS now, and rush it to me as soon as it's off the press in August!

Name_____

Organization_____ Phone_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Publisher's Guarantee: Examine The ALMANAC for 30 days. If not completely satisfied, return it for a complete refund.

___ Hardcover copies @ $44.95... a $12 savings! _____

___ Softcover copies @ $39.95... a $5 savings! _____

Shipping & handling please add 10% to your total purchase amount _____

D.C. orders, add 6% sales tax (MO residents add appropriate tax) _____

AAPSA1 TOTAL _____

❑ Payment enclosed

❑ Bill me

❑ MasterCard ❑ Visa ❑ American Express

Acct.#

Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

MAIL TO: ALMANAC P.O. BOX 46909, ST. LOUIS, MO 63146

FOR FASTER SERVICE & BULK ORDERS CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-356-4838

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAP'N BUSHY
BY P. GROSSMAN
IN "A GNU LEAF"
HERO OF THE WEASEL WAR, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED SQUIRRELS, BUT TODAY HE'S JUST PLAIN MAD!
JOHN!
IT'S CAP'N BUSHY'S CHIEF OF STAFF JOHN GNU-GNU-GNU!
-YOU WILY WILDEBEEST! YOU'VE BEEN MAKING THE PUBLIC PAY FOR TRANSPORTING YOUR VAST BULK ALL OVER THE MAP WHILE YOU DO YOUR PRIVATE BUSINESS! -AT LEAST LOSE A COUPLE OF HUNDRED POUNDS -THIS ADMINISTRATION CANNOT TOLERATE EVEN THE APPEARANCE OF FATNESS!
BILL
BUT, SIR-
FROM NOW ON I'M PAYING MY OWN WAY WITH THESE SPECIAL POSTAGE STAMPS AS A CHARTER CUSTOMER OF BLIMP MAIL- A NEW SERVICE OF THE PORCINE DEVELOPMENT CORP!
NOTE HOW THE COMPANY DIRECTORS APPROVE OF MY HIGH-PROFILE PATRONAGE!
-I LIKE IT- A THOUSAND OINKS A FLIGHT!
THE NEXT DAY:
OINK! OINK! OINK! OINK! OINK! OINK! OINK!
BLIMP MAIL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Dancing in Your Head

GENE SANTORO

Folks who write about jazz have certain conceits they're fond of. One is the homology between the way musicians talk or act offstage and the way they play. Often enough it works. But in the case of Ornette Coleman, the brilliant pioneer who's sketched the main lines of jazz exploration over the past thirty-plus years, it breaks down. Yes, he often speaks in gnomic utterances worthy of the Delphic oracle, and he relentlessly develops his ideas concentrically instead of plotting a linear track—modes of discourse that parallel his prismatic music. But next to his plaintively feverish cries on alto saxophone, his distinctively oddball blats on trumpet and his fingernails-down-the-blackboard attack on the violin, Coleman's Donald Duckish voice is jarring. And next to the fierce density of his music, which even in its balladic forms shoots off sparks of intensity, his genial personality is a shock. You expect him to breathe fire, but he wants you to enjoy yourself. Just don't mess with his music.

His music, of course, still sets the mainstream on edge, even after his decades on the scene. His sheer endurance; his high profile thanks to influential critics like Martin Williams, Gunther Schuller and Nat Hentoff, who embraced his revolutionary forays early on; and his consequent ability to attract both enlightened record company execs like Atlantic's Nesuhi Ertegun and patrons here and in Europe have made him impossible to ignore, even for people who wish he'd never materialized. So it happens that every few years he lands a slot in the conservative JVC Jazz Festival in New York, as he did this year.

Part of the reason Coleman's ongoing revolution makes people uncomfortable is precisely that it's ongoing. At 61 he remains remarkably unwilling to sit where he, or anyone else, has sat before. Instead, he's been in near-constant motion since the early 1950s, when his quartet—trumpeter Don Cherry, bassist Charlie Haden and drummer Billy Higgins (later Ed Blackwell)—broke out of what had become jazz's prisonhouse of language: the recurrent cycle of chords, basic to the thirty-two-bar song form that it acquired by using Tin Pan Alley material as the launch pad for its flights of improvisation. Coleman, a kind of left-wing Charlie Parker disciple, insisted on the primacy of melodic freedom. His tunes, which then as now tended to turn on bluesy boppish figures or near-nursery rhymes, were designed to be open, so that the musicians could modulate—from key to key, chord to chord, rhythm to rhythm—when the need struck them. As Gary Giddins has observed, he also blurred the background/foreground distinction of post-Louis Armstrong jazz, which pits the soloist against the rest of the band. In a sort of skewed Dixieland revival, he's freed everybody to blow.

The collection of musical idioms we label 'jazz' has only one common element: improvisation.

That notion was put even more severely to the test in the early 1970s, when Ornette went electric and incorporated funk, African and Eastern ideas into his music on classic albums like *Dancing in Your Head* (A&M). Prime Time, as he's called his shifting lineups since, alienated many of his early supporters. They understood Ornette's intelligible if idiosyncratic language as spoken in a modified jazz format, but, to their ears, it got inaudible and hostile once the volume got turned up and the dialects within multiplied. Harmolodics is what Coleman calls his kaleidoscopically hybridized idiom: the collapse of harmony, melody and time in a kind of post-Einsteinian universe. No element is dominant; each is developed simultaneously by the individual voices within the band. This democratic model dares musical anarchy as it flirts with dangerous and expansive energies.

Coleman himself explains it this way: "Bebop deals with only one solo at a time. Even Dixieland, although it's similar to harmolodics, still deals with one solo at a time, because it's using the same device [the chord sequence] to play the way they're playing. Whereas in harmolodics someone might be playing minor, someone else augmented, someone else major—all at the same time. It's closer to folk music and church music, where anybody can make a contribution to the emotional part of it. Technically, it means transforming the four basics of music—harmony, melody, rhythm and unison—into your own voice. In addition, it means that you can transpose any chord or melody or change and still maintain the original (compositional) design by modulating to any sound that you hear from that design."

Coleman's refusal to let himself, his bands or his audiences lapse into stasis is illustrated by a characteristic irony of his last appearance at the JVC Festival in 1987, at Town Hall. He had just released an astonishing double album, *Ornette Coleman in All Languages* (Caravan of Dreams). One disc featured the 1950s acoustic quartet, the other his then-current edition of Prime Time. It was a neat joke, and a typical comment on hierarchy and linearity, when he opened with Prime Time, forcing antis to sit through (or walk out of) the slashing electric set before getting to what they'd come to see.

From that vantage point, the contrast between Coleman and Miles Davis is revealing. In terms of his influence on the vanguards of the past thirty years, Miles is one of Ornette's few peers. At times they've worked similar lines: twenty-odd years ago, for example, both moved into exploring electronics and rock, funk and African beats.

But though he's made jagged leaps into the new since, Miles has seemed to pull back from the brink, the logical if *outré* extension of where his ideas were taking him, once he upset nearly everyone with *On the Corner* (Columbia) in 1972. That percussion-foregrounded firestorm, mixed like a hard-rock record, still registers as a key influence for many on the so-called downtown New York scene. (Both Miles and Ornette, along with John Coltrane, have also had an enormous impact on seminal rockers like the Yardbirds, the Byrds, the Grateful Dead, the Velvet Underground and Television.)

But Miles didn't follow it out. The boiling jazz-rock fusion he'd pushed into on *Bitches Brew* (Columbia) and subsequent albums was, thanks to its popularity among rock-raised listeners, transformed into a commercial seedbed. Out

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of it came the repetitious reams of radio-ready but musically pointless noodling that dominate the industry sales charts and clog the airwaves. More disappointing, Miles's own takes on his music have also become largely codified. His disheartening appearance at this year's JVC found him coasting through Cyndi Lauper's "Time After Time" and Michael Jackson's "Human Nature," which have been the unrearranged, crowd-pleasing staples of his sets since the 1985 album *You're Under Arrest* (Columbia).

Ornette's set at Carnegie Hall eight nights later demonstrated the distance between the two giants. Fronting an energetic septet that included self-taught Pakistani percussion master Badal Roy, a former Miles sideman, and Dave Bryants, the leader's first keyboard player in decades, Coleman and his cohort shook up even the older tunes they played—despite problems with the hall's sound system and mix. "Bourgeois Boogie," from his most recent album, *Virgin Beauty* (Epic), which had surprised most listeners with its relatively airy gentleness, grew more raucous. Then there was the way he had Chris Rosenberg pick up a nylon-string guitar and play what sounded like an adaptation of a Villa-Lobos piece (there were no program notes). After a couple of rounds, Prime Time piled in and blew it apart via simultaneous lines of improvisation.

That explosion demonstrates Coleman's incisive understanding of jazz's peculiarly American dialectic—something he's underscored before with drastic reformulations like "The Fifth of Beethoven" on *The Art of the Improvisers* (Atlantic). First is the relation between the role of composition and the role of improvisation—the tension that's jazz's heartbeat. Second, like every important figure in the music from Jelly Roll Morton on, Coleman has sought his own way to reconcile the corollary pull between the individual, whose need to shape a unique voice out of the past's shards is a jazz axiom, and the group, whose ability and need to interact in spontaneity and support the individual are necessary if the music is going to make internal sense.

Those tensions draw fine lines jazzers have had to learn to walk. In the European classical tradition, for instance, what had been an improviser's art in the days of Bach and Mozart and even, more rarely, as late as Chopin, shriveled into modes of interpretation, as the professional musician, the written score and the post-Beethoven invention, the conductor, asserted increasing, then near-total, authority over music making. Along with the disappearance of the amateur musician and the appearance of the phonograph, this made music a passive activity for its audience. Even Wynton Marsalis—viewed as the champion of so-called classical norms in jazz—balks at duplicating in jazz the historical process that has enervated so much contemporary classical music and locked its producers into writing largely for one another and for grants. As Marsalis told me, "The purely intellectual approach, which was designed for the aristocracy in European music, has helped to destroy the classical-music audience. The thing about jazz that really sets it apart from other art forms is that you have that type of intellectualism combined with the communal type of feeling that African music has."

The call for standards is misleading and not a little condescending.

The collection of musical idioms we label "jazz" has only one common element—improvisation. So jazz can only go the purely interpretive route if it's willing to die. Instead, it has sought to reconcile its apparently contradictory pulls—composition and improvisation, the individual and the group, the past and the present. In the process, it has proliferated a vast number of dialects. That breadth helps mark jazzers as avatars of a quintessential American figure, the self-inventor.

That's not the same as saying that jazz musicians are untrained—something Coleman, for instance, has been accused of for decades. But it does mean their relationship to the cultural past hasn't been circumscribed by hierarchical values. (Duke Ellington's famous line, "There are only two kinds of music: good and bad," underlines that.) Recently, however, many observers, like the neobop revivalists being touted in the mainstream press, have called for more "classical" training for jazzers. Now, jazz musicians have been training themselves since the music's beginnings, by studying their predecessors and one another. It's how they create themselves. It's how they've pushed the musical envelope—of instrumental technique and sonic properties, for instance—far beyond anything imagined or allowed in the European classical world. And on a technical level, there's no difference, say, in harmonic theory from one type of music to the next—the notes stay the same. So the call for standards is misleading and not a little condescending.

What I mean by self-invention derives from this country's history and mythology: It's the place people come to wipe the slate clean and start afresh. America's cultural development, sometimes to its detriment, sometimes to its advantage, has followed these same lines. Following an inevitable period of European imitators, Charles Ives and James Reese Europe forged idioms derived from American materials and folkways. But their brand of classical music was ironically derailed by the prewar influx of European refugees. As composer/conductor Maurice Peress has observed, the émigrés took over the cultural establishment here and turned it back to Europe-gazing. That twist has left arts combines like Lincoln Center with unresolved conundrums about their relationship to the culture around them—conundrums that show in the programming.

But while imported culture commissars like Theodor Adorno were abhorring what they found here, what you could call the left wing of American classical music went underground and reinvented itself. Hence the barbaric yawps of joyful noisemakers like Harry Partch. Partch, a typical American eccentric, decided that post-Bach European scales were inadequate for his conceptions, so he simply discarded them in favor of a forty-three-note system of just intonation he based on ancient Greek and medieval theorists. Naturally, he also had to invent instruments to play the music and a notation system so musicians could duplicate performances. So he did. The sometimes eerie, often hilarious and always infectious results were beautifully realized during May's Bang on a Can festival in New York, where Partch's *The Wayward* was performed. Discarding ideas about "high" and "low" culture, Partch took Depression-era hobos as his heroes, and their scrambling lot as his plot. The staging at the Circle in the Square rightly bypassed the proscenium-arch division between audience and stage. All told, the production showed why Partch became a major influence on other composers and, via disciples like John Cage, on the broad conceptual frames of American art.

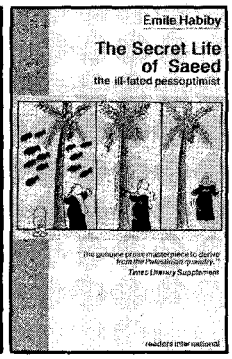
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dateline: The WORLD

READERS INTERNATIONAL publishes the world's best writing, Year after Year.

The Defector (041) by Monika Maron, **Germany**
'The best of her generation' *Le Monde*
'Extraordinary writing' *Publishers Weekly*

Subscribe for FREE books
Save $75 on regular prices
And bring the World to your personal library!



Saeed the Pessoptimist (062) by Emile Habiby, **Palestinian**
'A carnivalesque explosion of parody and theatrical farce... surprising and unpredictable' *The London Review of Books*

Year after year RI sets the standard. For publishing the **best** in good reading, from the world over. In handsome, sewn, hardcover editions. At remarkably modest prices. Every other month subscribers receive a new RI hardback title - from Beirut, or Beijing, or Budapest - each an incisive look at the most compelling stories and issues of our time.

Enrich the geography of your mind. Join us now . . .

. . . Dateline, the world elsewhere:

Johannesburg. In *Renewal Time*, black writer Es'kia Mphahlele speaks of and for his people in South Africa's crowded townships, telling their stories, exploring human values that touch us all.

Montevideo. *El Infierno* chronicles the rise and bloody fall of Uruguay's urban guerrillas, with the intensity and grace of a modern Dante; winner of a major international prize awarded in Mexico.

Berlin. Monika Maron's *The Defector* epitomizes the best of new German writing, both its harsh realism and its force of imagination.

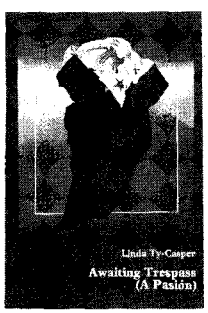
Manila. *Awaiting Trespass* by Linda Ty-Casper tells the story of a well-to-do Filipino family in mourning, who mirror the nation's search for reason and nobility in irrational and ignoble times.

Jerusalem. Emile Habiby's *Saeed the Pessoptimist* is the first Palestinian book to become a bestseller in Hebrew. His burlesque of Israel, the Palestinians themselves, and all of the Arab States takes us to the heart of the Palestinian quandary.

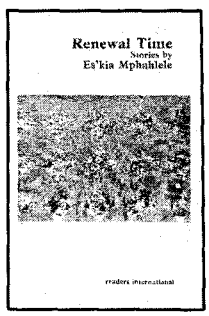
RI works like a magazine - subscribe for **only $9.95** (+ $2 p&p), and you'll get your first RI hardback selection, plus one book of your choice, as pictured here, **FREE.** Or, subscribe for a year, as you would to a magazine. You'll get RI's next **six** bimonthly hardback selections, at extra savings, plus **TWO FREE** bonus books right away.

Return the coupon to begin your worldwide adventure in reading.
(Free books in paperback; all subscription volumes in hardcover editions.)

El Infierno (048) by C. Martínez Moreno, **Uruguay**
'This fierce novel, his major work ... defines a peculiarly Latin American holocaust' *NY Times Book Review*



Awaiting Trespass (012) by Linda Ty-Casper, **Philippines**
'Full of good people, good talk, and a wisdom regarding the inner life.' *Kirkus Reviews*



Renewal Time (056) by Es'kia Mphahlele, **South Africa**
'A haunting echo of Orwell' *Kirkus Reviews*
'Elder statesman of black South African writers' *N Y Times*

READERS INTERNATIONAL

P.O. Box 959 Columbia LA 71418

Please begin my subscription to RI at the special $9.95 subscriber price (+ $2 p&p). I'll get RI's newest title every other month at the same special price. I may cancel at any time.

Name

Address Apt. no.

City State/Prov. ZIP/Postcode

☐$11.95 (Can$14.95) enclosed. My FREE book, no. ☐

☐Bill my ☐VISA or ☐MasterCard.

Card No. Expiry date

Signature

SPECIAL SAVINGS and two free books:

☐**I enclose $55 (Can$65) for an annual subscription. I'll get RI's six newest world titles, plus two FREE books:** ☐ ☐ (title numbers)

☐**Bill my credit card for the annual subscription.**

dateline TNA 35

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

While classical music is usually thought of—wrongly—as a monolithic European import, movies, like jazz, are often cited as a quintessentially American art. After all, D.W. Griffith, Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton idiosyncratically mapped out the idiom's methods of communicating, while the Marx Brothers, for instance, were hard at play subverting structure itself. But Hollywood in the 1930s, like "high" culture centers, fell prey to recolonization: European directors and actors flocked to Tinseltown for political freedom, safety, bigger bucks. Still, a writer-director like Preston Sturges could ironically turn an imported giant, Ernst Lubitsch, on his head by injecting unarguably American set pieces like the Ale and Quail Club into a Lubitsch homage, *The Palm Beach Story*. And then there's Orson Welles, who got hooked on celluloid by accident, ransacked an ad hoc film grammar assembled for him by an RKO editor, then upended everything from cinematography to *mise en scène* with his first effort, *Citizen Kane*.

So maybe it's not surprising if American self-inventors like Partch and Welles share important techniques (like the lapping voices that fragment narrative structures out of the guise of omniscience, the aggressive emphasis on disjunction that allows the audience—indeed, forces it—to participate in the activity of the artist) with Ornette Coleman, who taught himself composition and theory while working as a houseboy and elevator operator. There's a strong Romantic or idealist strain common to revolutionary American autodidacts. Partch, for example, emphasized music's physicality, with its natural roots and role in human life—attributes he considered lost. His homemade instruments were attempts to retrieve that immediacy. Likewise, Welles complained to biographer Barbara Leaming, "You have to hate the camera and regard it as a detestable machine because it should be doing better than what it can do. . . . I have this terrible sense that a film is *dead*—that it's a piece of film in a machine that will be run off and shown to people." According to Coleman, "I was so in tune to music that I picked up my first saxophone as soon as I assembled it and played the same as I'm playing today—only I didn't *know* music, I was just *hearing* music. Which made me believe that every human being has some of that quality to do just that. There's a natural instinct that tells people how to do things even before they learn the skills of how to apply them." Which is exactly the premise garage bands and punk rockers act on.

Seen in this context, the emphasis of today's young hard-bop revivalists on standards, both in their selection of tunes and formats and in their insistence on a timeless hierarchy of values, simply underscores their Reagan-era conservatism. Not that there's anything inherently wrong in playing bebop: It's one of jazz's many available dialects, and its journey from the fringes to the mainstream hasn't invalidated its beauties. But the emphasis on pedigree—certain figures "in the tradition" are canonized as sources of all that's good—is unsettling and self-destructive. No less sacrosanct a figure than Louis Armstrong, after all, famously dismissed bop as "Chinese music," and the Dixieland revivalists who counter-attacked bop's exploratory ways used arguments that recur when Wynton Marsalis wannabes put down music "outside the tradition"—as if jazz, that continuing accretion of languages, had a neat, univocal history.

That attitude is actually a reach for moral authority. It recalls how critics like Yvor Winters and F.R. Leavis codified literary tradition along narrow and intolerantly proscriptive lines. Ironically, such ideological baggage weighs on its carriers, pushes them to replicate the past's voices rather than using them to discover their own. Ironic too is the fact that the heroes of the so-called tradition, from Satchmo to Duke to Bird, would not have understood such a nostalgic stance. They wanted to make their own music to speak to the times and beyond.

Which brings us back to Ornette Coleman: "I think music should have meaning for people first of all, and secondly, it should have a quality of *you* that people can appreciate. The naturalness of music, of sounds, is basic to human expression. When I was young, I didn't understand that music came in sets of categories—music for babies, music for teenagers, music for old people, music for black people, music for white people. I thought it was all just music. We in the Western world suffer from too many categories and classes; we've forgotten that we all still have diapers on. We've separated music from life." □

Past Present

GWYNETH CRAVENS

The other day at a family reunion of seventy-five people in the Midwest at which a certain amount of singing went on and at which there were a certain number of Davids, Daniels and Thomases, as well as a Margaret, my mother handed me a small, ancient book with a cover of scratched, age-mottled calfskin. Now, flying back to New York, I've had a chance to open it. The edges of the pages have turned brown, although the paper remains in better condition than that of many books in my library published ten or fifteen years ago. On the flyleaf in black ink is calligraphed "David Thomas 7 Troedyrhiw July 1822" with the kinds of flourishes seen in the signatures on the Declaration of Independence. On the inside cover is penciled an illegible list of words or names. This book was probably carried from Wales on a three-month voyage across the Atlantic and, ultimately, across the empty prairies of the Great American Desert in the 1870s, when my ancestors made their way by wagon to settle, after various stops, on a piece of land in the eastern Dakota Territory.

At the moment I am flying over a farm-checked stretch that my great-great-grandfather Daniel Theophilus, who had once been singing master to the children of Queen Victoria, traversed with his wife, his children and a nanny who was such a terrible cook that she made fried eggs taste like burnt feathers, in order to stake out a tree-claim. At court, he had married Lady Margaret Thomas, perhaps the daughter of the above-mentioned Thomas, and, according to family lore, a lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria. (No doubt Daniel was striking, since all the Theophiluses, with their black eyebrows, pale blue or hazel eyes, clear-cut features and low, mellifluous voices, are striking to this day—as I am sure your predecessors are as well.) Upon their marriage the couple lost their positions, and they returned to Wales to farm. This seems hard to believe. But so also does it seem hard to believe that Daniel Theophilus, born in 1833 in Troedyrhiw, Wales, had a destiny that tossed him from Buckingham

Gwyneth Cravens's latest novel is The Gates of Paradise *(Ticknor & Fields). She edits "Past Present," an occasional column.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Palace—legend has it that Queen Victoria came to the ship to bid him and his bride goodbye—to a homestead in the rolling Vermillion Hills near Winfred, South Dakota, where his bones now repose. (There are two theories about the non-Welsh-sounding name Theophilus. One is that Greek slaves brought by the Romans to Britannia used to escape to Cambria; the more likely explanation is that Greek officers who served in the British Navy in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries married women in the ports of Wales.) In 1895, *Cymry Minnesota*, a nineteenth-century bilingual who's-who among the Welsh in the territories, listed Daniel as a "noted singer, a great musical genius," high praise from a race of bards. (Long before then, Lady Margaret had died giving birth to their tenth child.) He and his children, one of whom was David, my great-grandfather, did not profit from farming, and Daniel continued to give concerts and to teach music; although the family held on to the homestead until the 1930s, most of the members eventually moved into the towns that began to dot the plains and today are beginning to disappear. David Theophilus, fluent in Welsh, became a schoolteacher, fond of reciting long poems; he eventually acquired a grain elevator and a small bit of fame in *Ripley's Believe It or Not* for running the same newspaper ad daily for forty-two years: "Dave Theophilus Sells Salt."

His calfskin-bound book was stored with other Welsh memorabilia in various basements, the last one being in a house on a lake near Winfred where my grandmother ended her days. I used to beg her to teach me Welsh, but she said she knew only naughty words, and, imbued with the Methodism of the old country, refused to tell me any of them. My mother says that in fact Grandma knew the Lord's Prayer in Welsh; she remembers the *eisteddfod*s at her own grandmother's house when relatives and friends from Welsh colonies in Huron, South Dakota, and Lime Springs, Iowa, would come visiting. For a while an elderly, abundantly bearded uncle who spoke little English lived with the family, and my mother was sent to him with mysterious phrases. One she recalls phonetically was "bweyd en beredd"—Come to breakfast—which she had to shout into his ear trumpet.

The book is a *geiriadur Cymraeg a Saesoneg*, a Welsh-English dictionary, printed in Carmarthen in 1815. Since this book is for Welsh speakers, it is only possible to look up the English meanings of Welsh words, which run from *a*, meaning "when," "and," "also," "both," "who," "which" and "oh!" to *yw*, meaning "yew tree." Perhaps the dictionary was consulted by Welshmen hoping to better their fortunes among the British, or perhaps it's a vestige of a surge of Cymric patriotism. When I leaf through these pages, with their dense consonantal clusters, I feel as if I am peering into the alphabet soup of my own genetic code, and the conviction comes to me that I ought to know Welsh, ought to be able to speak it, just as my salt-trading antecedents did for thousands of years as they migrated across Europe all the way to the western rim, where they settled at last. But I can read only a few words (*gwyn*, white or fair; *gwŷn*, any troublesome passion; *Gwynedd*, North Wales; *Duw*, God; and, of course, *eisteddfod y beirdd*, a congress of bards), and those only because as a child I whiled away a sweltering Dakota summer in my grandmother's musty but cool basement looking through old books. It is said in our family that Daniel Theophilus and Lady Margaret eventually immigrated to America to escape British oppression, which had led to rampant poverty and the outlawing of the Welsh language. Could the Theophiluses, impelled ever westward like their Celtic forebears, have imagined that in the vast spaces of the American frontier they would be free to be their own masters and to shout and sing in Welsh all they wished?

Under *Cymru* I find the following entry: "Wales, or Cambria. Hither the ancient Britons fled when the ifland was invaded by the Saxons; they are now called Welfhmen, and continue to preferve their own language. . . ." And: "*Cymmro*, the earlieft inhabitant of a country; an aboriginal native; a Welfhman." And what words were important to the Cymry in 1815? "*Barddas*, intelligence by verfe; a poetical hiftory; philofophy." "*Glain*, what is pure, or holy, a gem; a jewel—*glain y nadrodd*, fnake ftones; adder beads; the old Druid's amulets, or rings—*glain cefn*, the backbone." "*Hafod*, a fummer-dwelling . . . a cot raifed on a common in one night, wherein a family were to fleep forty nights: which, according to ancient ufage, gave a free title to it. . . ." "*Derwydd*, a theologian, a *Druid*. The *Derwyddon* were philofophers, or wife men. . . . They were prefent at all divine offices,

HOW TO JEOPARDIZE A PERFECTLY GOOD FRIENDSHIP.

Give someone you care about a gift subscription to *The Nation*.

In all likelihood, the recipient will get just as enraged, worked up and aggravated about the issues the magazine covers as our regular subscribers do.

That's because *The Nation* covers those issues with a critical spirit and an independent perspective that set us apart from other publications. Which isn't surprising, since it's written by such original thinkers as Alexander Cockburn, Kirkpatrick Sale and Frances FitzGerald.

And politics isn't all we cover. Our subscribers also enjoy our writing on the arts, which is of such extraordinary clarity and intelligence that it alone is worth the price of a subscription.

So maybe you should give *The Nation* as a gift after all.

Just be sure your relationship can stand it.

The Nation.
Subscribing to our principles isn't enough.

YES! I THINK MY RELATIONSHIP CAN TAKE IT. Please send 47 issues of *The Nation* to the following people at the gift rate of $28 for the first gift and just $22 for each additional gift. And send a card announcing the subscription(s).

GIFT TO (Please print)
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP
GIFT FROM (Your name)
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP

☐ Enclosed is $_____for_____subscription(s).
☐ Bill me later.

Foreign surface postage: add $18/47 issues.
Air Mail rates available upon request.
Subscriptions payable in U.S. funds.

THE NATION
P.O. BOX 10791, DES MOINES, IA 50340-0791

GIHJI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

looked after all both publick and private facrifices, and interpreted the myfteries of religion. They were, alfo, the great minifters of ftate. One of the principal points they taught, was the immortality, and tranfmigration of fouls. They had oak in great eftimation, and it is very probable that they were called *Derwyddon,* from the British *Derw*, oaks." "*Alltud tramor*, an alien from beyond the fea." "*Oer ferw*, coldly bubbling." "*Wybrgoel*, aëromancy." "*Ymdaith*, a journey: v., to journey, to travel; to walk, to go, to wander abroad."

No doubt the authors and sponsors of the dictionary had in mind the preservation of their venerable tongue. In the front of the book are listed the subscribers and their hometowns. There are 13 Davieses, 7 Evanses and 8 Thomases, one of them Mr. David Thomas, Troedyrhiw, near Llanfadwrn. But David Thomases have always been thick on the ground in Wales, and my cousin David Shove, the family historian, has been unable to trace the Theophilus line back earlier than Daniel and Margaret. But I might as well claim David Thomas 7, Troedyrhiw, as one of my own, since I don't believe—the plane is now touching down in the purple gloaming of New York—anyone else has asked for him. As far as I'm concerned, he can be the singing master of my soul. □

Kitsch as Kitsch Can

MARLA S. STONE

THE MONUMENT: Art, Vulgarity and Responsibility in Iraq. *By Samir al-Khalil. University of California. 153 pp. $35. Paper $16.95.*

In *The Monument: Art, Vulgarity and Responsibility in Iraq*, Iraqi expatriate cultural critic Samir al-Khalil uses the public art and urban design commissioned by Saddam Hussein as a framework for assessing the vulgarity, terror and myth-making of the Baath regime. For al-Khalil (a pseudonym), the intersection of art and politics reveals the "monumental unfreedom" of life in Baathist Iraq, the techniques that Saddam employs to mystify and deceive the populace, and the ways the state and the party have rewritten history. The Baathist state since 1968 and Hussein since his assumption of the presidency in 1979 have consistently geared cultural production toward legitimizing the state, and in the process, al-Khalil believes, have expunged all traces of "truthful" art from Iraq.

The book centers on the Victory Arch, the "mother" of all monuments. This forty-meter-high edifice, which figured so prominently in Western newscasts of the Persian Gulf war, consists of a replica of Saddam's forearms, the hands grasping medieval Islamic swords. From the base of the arms pour 5,000 captured Iranian helmets, looking very much like skulls of the vanquished. The swords, which compose the top of the arch, were cast from the "broken machine guns and tanks" of Iraqi martyrs. Like the arms of destruction that Saddam imported from the West, his arms of self-celebration required foreign assistance—from the Morris Singer foundry in Basingstoke, England—because no Iraqi foundry was sufficiently large to produce them.

The gargantuan, surreal construction blends modernity and tradition in a paraphrase of Baathist ideology. The swords are putatively modeled after those of Sa'ad ibn-Abi-Waqas, hero of a seventh-century Iraqi battle against Persia. While the forearms are an imperial bronze, the swords are cast in stainless steel, a powerful reference to the metals of modern warfare. The secular nationalism central to Baathist ideology is manifest in the Iraqi national flag that flies from the apex of the intersecting swords. Dedicated on August 8, 1989, Hussein's so-called triumphal arch commemorates a nonexistent victory in the bloody eight-year Iran-Iraq war. Al-Khalil stresses the peculiarity of planning a monument in anticipation of a victory, yet modern dictatorships have consistently banked on and sold the illusion of perpetual triumph. One need only think of Hitler's Thousand-Year Reich or the postwar monuments both Nazis and Italian Fascists planned as early as 1940.

Along with the Victory Arch, the major Baath monuments—the Martyrs' Monument and the Unknown Soldier Monument—dominate the book; less attention is paid to architecture and urban planning in contemporary Iraq. The monuments and their location in the Iraqi capital tell the story of the terror and illusion of life under Saddam. His "Baghdad Style" blended an imported postmodernism with an invented or false historical/"national" aesthetic. Al-Khalil argues that Saddam's monuments cannot be judged as art, for they have neither the "insincerity" of bad art nor the attention to form of good art. Instead they are kitsch: They are "too direct" and "flaunt intentionality without nuance."

For al-Khalil, both the "evocative power" of the Victory Arch and its uniqueness stem from the decision to cast Saddam's arms down to the last blemish and follicle. The need to represent literally, rather than symbolically or metaphorically, reveals the vulgarity of the dictator. The artist working under this constraint becomes an imitator rather than a creator, and form is subordinated to content.

The theoretical core of the book is a condemnation of Pop Art and postmodern architecture for transforming vulgarity and kitsch into viable aesthetic subjects. Andy Warhol and Robert Venturi join hands with Saddam in vulgarizing Baghdad and, by implication, in terrorizing the Iraqi populace. Warhol elevated everyday images to the level of art and aestheticized "the literal image, with all that this implies about illusion versus reality." In the thousands of literal reproductions of the president that dominate the Iraqi landscape, Saddam, like Warhol, "made art . . . completely complicit in the prevailing culture of its production." According to al-Khalil, Venturi's celebration of Las Vegas and postmodernism's manipulation of ornamental languages gave Saddam a precedent for the manipulation of culture. In addition Venturi, along with a number of other postmodern architects, competed in Saddam's "Baghdad State Mosque Competition" in 1982; thus he emerges as more the villain than does Warhol.

The book is strongest in detailing Saddam's arts patronage and official commissions. Here are important lessons about Third World nations struggling to create an art both indigenous and modern. Prior to 1968, asserts al-Khalil, Iraqi modern artists produced work "strikingly modern, yet clearly paying homage to its sources in Assyrian and Babylonian wall-relief traditions." As an important example of authentic public art, he cites Jewad Salim's 1961 Freedom Monument, a bronze bas-relief depicting the 1958 revolution against the Iraqi Hashemite monarchy. This bronze narrative, with its "loving attention to sculptural detail"

Marla S. Stone teaches history at Princeton University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and its "idealism of . . . message," blends a national romanticism with a Picasso-inspired formalism. Al-Khalil raises the important question of why and how Iraqi modern artists, such as Khalid Rahal and Mohammed Ghani, contributed to the legitimacy of the regime. Like other twentieth-century dictatorships, such as Mussolini's Italy, Saddam's government used official patronage more than direct censorship to shape public culture. Saddam attacked certain aesthetic styles rather than artists, and the regime defused the stigma of collaboration and emerged as a patron of the arts.

Al-Khalil, who is also the author of *Republic of Fear* [see Alexander Cockburn, "Beat the Devil," October 22, 1990], writes with erudition and skill, drawing on disciplines ranging from art and politics to history and critical theory. His broad intellectual vision combined with a powerful emotional commitment give the work a sense of urgency. Yet the book's force is limited by theoretical inconsistencies. Above all, the author fails to view art in historical context. He claims that prior to Warhol modern artists were concerned with "visual formalism"—form, line and color. These "good" modernists, in al-Khalil's eyes, were too committed to formal experimentation to give in to pure kitsch or politics. This misses the point. Many modern movements, particularly the Futurists and Constructivists, subordinated their formalism to ideology, both left and right. What about the Italian practitioners of the International Style in architecture who built the grand Fascist edifices of the 1930s?

The descent into kitsch also has precedents. The combination of "state power and local kitsch" in the post-Warhol age is not as unusual as al-Khalil thinks. A 1941 bust of Mussolini titled *The empire bursts from the brain of il Duce* rivals the Victory Arch's vulgarity. This bronze bust is topped by the muscle-bound allegorical figure of "empire" emerging from inside the leader's head. Certainly, the "approved" art of Nazi Germany, with its stylized maidens, farmers, soldiers and depictions of Hitler as a Teutonic knight sought a mystification of reality as much as Saddam's official art. The cookie tins bearing Mussolini's image match the Saddam wristwatches in commodification of the leader cult. Literal representations of a leader became possible with technology long before Warhol introduced exact reproductions to the art world. Saddam's kitsch and the ways he designed public monuments to play on his subjects' need for integrating myths are not new. But although al-Khalil notes the power of "invented traditions," he fails to acknowledge the potency they might have for Iraqis in the transition from a premodern agrarian society to a modern nation-state.

Al-Khalil's cultural history of Iraq under Saddam is a valuable contribution and reflects an important intellectual trend. Art historians, historians, architects and literary critics have turned in the past ten years to questions of art and politics, art and the state, art and society. Domestic cultural debates over government arts funding and censorship have raised questions about the goals of state patronage and how they vary according to political system. The Los Angeles County Museum of Art recently used the Nazi campaign against modern art to explore these questions. The exhibition, "Degenerate Art: The Fate of the Avant-Garde in Nazi Germany," exposed visitors to the results of violent censorship and the imposition of a rigid state aesthetic.

Not architecture but postmodern politics, its rapid creation and re-creation of allies and enemies, encouraged Saddam Hussein and gave him the room to forge a nationalist, militarist dictatorship in Iraq. Far more significant than the contributions of international postmodern architects to the reconstruction of Baghdad was the West's support for Saddam and the vast trade in arms that flowed smoothly from the U.S.S.R., Western Europe and the United States until the invasion of Kuwait. Al-Khalil has been a supporter of the Persian Gulf war; it is clearly convenient for him to focus on art at the expense of politics. □

Music of the Spheres

MICHAEL S. KIMMEL

SUBDUING SATAN: Religion, Recreation, and Manhood in the Rural South, 1865–1920. *By Ted Ownby. University of North Carolina. 286 pp. $29.95.*

THE MORAL FRAMEWORKS OF PUBLIC LIFE: Gender, Politics, and the State in Rural New York, 1870–1930. *By Paula Baker. Oxford University. 241 pp. $29.95.*

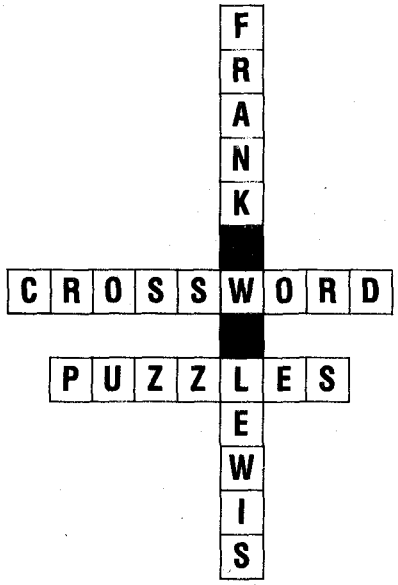
The analysis of separate spheres—that cosmology that divides the world into "his" (economics, politics) and "hers" (family, religion)—that was the mainstay of recent historical writing about gender in the nineteenth century has lately come under attack. Minimizers have patiently explained how the separate spheres were, in fact, not very separate at all. Women have always participated in public life—working outside the home, joining social reform movements—and men have always maintained a place within the home, as more active and caring fathers than we had earlier known. On another front, maximizers believe that previous analysis hasn't gone far enough, and that the separation of spheres was as much conceptual, moral and emotional as it was spatial. Hearing different voices, reasoning with different brain hemispheres, judging by different criteria, males and females come from different cognitive planets. Trouble is, women have been forced to live on the planet designed and colonized by men.

Of course, these two groups can be at least wary allies. For example, as Harriet Burton Laidlaw of the National American Woman Suffrage Association explained more than eighty years ago, women should be granted suffrage no matter how you slice it: To the extent that women are the same as men, they should have the same rights; to the extent that men and women are different, one couldn't expect men to be capable of representing women's interests.

These two books—*Subduing Satan: Religion, Recreation, and Manhood in the Rural South, 1865–1920* by Ted Ownby and *The Moral Frameworks of Public Life: Gender, Politics, and the State in Rural New York, 1870–1930* by Paula Baker—synthesize the seemingly mutually exclusive positions, claiming simultaneously that the separation of spheres was a basic element in women's and men's cognitive maps of the world and that the two worlds could, and often did, interpenetrate. The boundaries between women's and men's worlds were both more pervasive and more fluid than we had earlier thought. Their books suggest that many of the historical tensions that characterized the last decades of the nine-

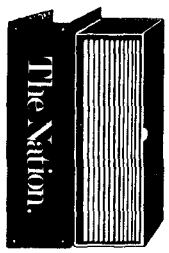
Michael S. Kimmel teaches sociology at the State University of New York, Stony Brook. His documentary history of pro-feminist men will be published in the fall.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE NATION'S BEST PUZZLES #6

Send for the latest collection of The Nation's British-style brain-teasers, $6.95. Special offer: Books 5 and 6—$12; "Problem Solving" and Book 6—$14; all 3 books—$18. Make check or money order payable to E.S. Lewis, and mail to "Puzzle Books," 125 Quaker Lane, Rochester, MA 02770.



SAVE THE NATION

Organize and protect your back copies in Nation cases or binders, covered in red leatherette with a gold Nation logo. 1 case or 1 binder holds 6 months (1 volume) of *The Nation*.

Cases $7.95, 3 for $21.95, 6 for $39.95
Binders $9.95, 3 for $27.95, 6 for $52.95

Mail to: The Nation, Jesse Jones Industries, Dept. N, 499 E. Erie Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19134.

I would like _____ cases; _____ binders.

Enclosed is my check for $_____. Add $1 per unit postage/handling. Outside U.S. $2.50 per unit.

Major credit cards accepted for orders over $15. To charge call toll free 1 (800) 825-6690.

Name _____

Address _____
(NO P.O. BOXES PLEASE)

City _____ State ____ Zip _____

Payment in U.S. funds. PA residents add 6% sales tax. Satisfaction guaranteed.

teenth century and the first decades of the twentieth—the growing division between city and country, church and state, home and work, north/east and south/west, "wet" and "dry," unionized workers and autonomous farmers and artisans—were gendered tensions, marked by deepening anxieties about women's Christian piety and chaste virtue and men's moral license and economic probity. What's more, when these worlds collided at the turn of the century, Paula Baker and Ted Ownby agree, it was the women's world that triumphed.

If the turn of the century witnessed the flowering of the Madonna/whore complex—women as de-sexed guardians of domestic virtue or eroticized temptresses representing wanton abandon—it also witnessed the flourishing of an equally contradictory model for men, what we might call the Ashley/Rhett complex, from the two lead male characters in *Gone With the Wind*. On the one hand, men were to resemble Ashley Wilkes—reliable, serious, ethically responsible, devoted husbands and fathers who apply good business acumen in the marketplace. At the same time, men were also seen as unscrupulous, philandering, violent, licentious and ominously sexual, as Rhett Butler. And if men demanded Madonnas but lusted after whores, women's mission was to domesticate Rhett and turn him into Ashley (while secretly longing for Rhett's return).

In *Subduing Satan*, Ownby distinguishes between the "praying South," which was female-dominated, centered around home and church, and emphasized piety, self-restraint and purity, and the "fighting South," which was male-dominated and stressed competition, self-assertiveness and violence. In a clever methodological turn, Ownby examines leisure and recreation patterns to discern these gendered moral worlds. It was in church and sewing circles, in saloons and on the streets that these divisions were articulated.

Hunting, drinking and carousing provided homosocial solace, a "respite from the constraints of female-centered evangelical life"; maybe this was men's real haven in a heartless world. Ownby's recreation of male recreation is rich and fascinating. He paints the saloon and the street, the cockfighting and dogfighting rings as realms of distinctly male vices, enjoyed lustily by men seeking to escape from the sweet virtue of the Southern Christian home. It was the wife's Christian duty to convert and subdue these would-be Rhett Butlers, and it was men's duty to resist, lest Christian piety turn them into wimps.

Women won. The temperance movement, along with efforts to control swearing, fighting, hunting and fishing, and animal fighting, tipped the balance that had "long allowed masculine aggressiveness and domestic evangelicism to coexist." From then on, even after Prohibition's repeal, masculine excess was allowed only controlled and temporary expression; the occasional drinking binge was permitted as long as it didn't embarrass the family.

Ownby mourns the loss. Evangelical culture overstepped its bounds, he thinks, feminizing the Southern male. The W.C.T.U., a bunch of "sour-faced" Puritans, "managed to make illegal an enormously popular recreation with roots deep in the history of human civilization." As a result, "the Southern male who had once raised his hell, laughing at churchgoers while perhaps fearing occasionally for the state of his soul, now faced laws prohibiting much of his pursuit of pleasure."

But women didn't win all by themselves; they had some political and economic help. It may be that the North, not women, won the battle over Southern manhood, and that evangelical morality only picked up the pieces. Ownby virtually ignores the effect of rapid industrialization and urbanization, and the impact of both European immigration and black migration on the gender cultures of the South. So he ignores that other recreational form of postbellum Southern manhood: the Ku Klux Klan. Writing gender into history ought not to mean writing politics, economics and race out.

And besides, who says that these traditional male pursuits have disappeared? Men still hunt and fish, still cruise and carouse in homosocial enclaves, seeking to escape the ties that bind. That evangelical culture succeeded in promoting legal prohibitions on male excess certainly doesn't mean that such excesses disappeared. They were simply transformed into new forms of male resistance to domestic responsibility. Maybe we'll find the descendants of Ownby's study at a Robert Bly "wild-man" retreat.

Ownby's anthropology downplays political changes, particularly the increasingly decisive role of the national state and the way that the concentration of capital made formerly autonomous farmers, craftsmen and shopkeepers more politically dependent on the state for pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tection against unscrupulous landlords, industrialists and profit gougers. If economic autonomy had been the centerpiece of American masculinity through the nineteenth century, political dependency was its undoing. In the twentieth century, one's autonomy and identity would be derived more from consumption and leisure, as Ownby knows, than from producing and owning.

This erosion of economic autonomy is the starting point for Paula Baker's deft contextualization of gender politics within a framework of capitalist expansion and state centralization. The "moral frameworks" of her title suggest how rural New Yorkers held fast to the doctrines of separate spheres but also how the emotional content of those different worlds challenged traditional expectations.

Political participation, especially party politics, embroiled men in a web of fierce loyalties and passionate friendships. Electoral politics promoted an "aggressive masculinity" that brought out the best in men: loyalty, strength, fortitude, boldness, industry and honesty. Party meetings routinely reduced men to tears, as they expressed devotion to candidates. Campaigns were male rituals that "projected a cooperative vision of the relationship between voters and officeholders, of government run by men of sound principles and character, and of heroism in the battle for right."

Elections, too, were highly ritualized "expressions of friendship, manhood, and character"; farmers and villagers would take the whole day off and hang around the barbershops and saloons where they voted. Baker argues that party politics "spun an imaginative vision of manly virtues and roles" that "created a space for a stylized male expression of emotion curiously similar to nineteenth-century sentimental exchanges between women." Could party politics have been the male "world of love and ritual," as Carroll Smith-Rosenberg characterized the structure of nineteenth-century female friendships?

While men were bonding in barbershops and saloons, women's political exclusion and mission to "maintain moral order and community piety" combined to promote "the idea of domesticity as a wedge to gain political influence." Through church groups and women's clubs, rural women organized petitions and demonstrations to press their points, and they held massive community suppers for their supporters on election days. The moral basis of rural men's political life centered around "small government and loyalty to party leaders"; men were emotionally preoccupied with the immediate impact of local issues, especially roads and taxes. It was women who raised issues of national significance by referring to abstract moral principles, especially in their work for education, charity and temperance. Giving a twist to Carol Gilligan's claims about different moral voices, Baker shows that in late nineteenth-century upstate New York, at least, men were more motivated by the ethic of care and women were more likely to apply abstract standards of reason and justice.

By the turn of the century, the political worlds of men and women converged, as each became increasingly reliant on state intervention and saw politics "not as a public space that validated personal virtues, but as a means to guarantee representation of their moral and material interests." The suffrage campaign transformed the moral framework of women's political life. Some argued that to "attack both intemperance and other social problems, women needed the vote," while others thought suffrage "drastic" and "unnatural" and claimed that women would lose their womanly traits if they cast ballots once a year. But since voting "required intelligence, attention to broader public needs, and a willingness to review the relevant facts before casting a ballot," politics came to adhere more closely to "women's vision than to men's ideal of loyalty and friendship."

Thus Baker offers the more complex explanation of political convergence: "While men discovered their own reasons for echoing nineteenth-century women's fondness for government and contempt for partisan politics, women came to occupy a less anomalous place in rural political life." Convergence leveled the boundaries between the spheres; "just as links between manhood and politics no longer gripped rural men, connections

LOOKOUTS, FOUL WEATHER

We beat our way topside up ladders
and braced—my partner and I—
in a battened room under the masts
because our usual decks were awash
in flumes of water, black, indistinguishable
against the fields of other black, the earth
without its familiar hard facts—no stones,
roads, clods, trees, prairies—the sky
come down to heave under no star, to lock
us in an iron world that kept falling
from under our feet. The storm shuddered
our eighth of a mile of keel and twisted
the catwalks down to trash. We propped
our night-glasses against the view-slits
as though we really might see something,
as if any point of light auguring through
such layers of weather wouldn't show only
as a quick trace, just an ephemeral streak
to set us talking in our heads until
we thought it away, some ghost, some small
idea glimmering at the back of our cells,
winking its half-life and dying back.
There was no hope for anything outside
this banging skin. We rode for hours,
feet spread for balance, shoulders hunched
in canvas-and-fur jackets, smoking, nipping
a flask of Southern Comfort, feeling the weight
of each collapsing sea start to bury us,
feeling the long shiver each time we buoyed back up,
every seam caught in some broken low note of chaos,
bulkheads shimmying and the ship rising
to a music of its own order, all that steel
come alive and each weld holding, singing.

Frank Gaspar

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

between domesticity and female public life gradually faded."

And the resurgence of the doctrine of separate spheres? It was axiomatic to Freud that those beloved objects that we lose in reality we re-create in fantasy. It was this loss of separate spheres as the moral framework of the gender of politics and the politics of gender that may have fueled the ferociousness with which it was reasserted as an ideology in ensuing decades. □

EXCHANGE.

(*Continued From Page 178*)

ways is a judgment call.

I do want to return to the issue of the "purloined" manuscript. Harper & Row did sue *The Nation* for "conversion" of the manuscript (i.e., possessing stolen property), but it dropped that count as the case progressed, and no court ever made a finding that *The Nation* did anything improper in obtaining the memoirs. It must be noted that when *The New York Times* obtained the Pentagon Papers in 1971 and *The Washington Post* obtained the manuscript of the H.R. Haldeman memoirs in 1978 and both papers published those materials—without authority from the owners—they won journalistic awards or were praised by the publishing community. When *The Nation* prints a critical review of the Ford memoirs, however, it is called thief and denied the benefit of the fair-use doctrine.

Judge Pierre Leval, one of our most thoughtful federal judges, has noted that the way a publication obtains the material it quotes should have nothing to do with how much it may quote. He writes that the speed limit for a stolen car is the same as that for all other cars. The authorities can bring charges of theft against the driver (or against a person for stealing a manuscript) but that should not affect consideration of the manner in which the "stolen" item is used. As long as the second use is productive and "transformative," that is, it is not a straight quotation that merely substitutes for the original material, the fair-use doctrine is satisfied. "No justification exists for adding a morality test [to the fair-use requirements]," argues Judge Leval. Neither Thatcher nor the A.A.P. seems to appreciate that insight.

Finally, Thatcher denies that the A.A.P.'s decision to support Harper & Row had anything to do with "any old boy network." Perhaps not. But he neglects to mention that Brooks Thomas, formerly president and chief executive officer of Harper & Row, was also chair of the A.A.P.'s freedom to read committee at the time of the lawsuit. Moreover, unlike the writers' organization PEN, which invited both sides to present their case before taking a (pro-*Nation*) position, the A.A.P. gave our side no such consideration.

Leon Friedman

CLASSIFIED.

While we reserve the right to edit, reject or reclassify any advertisement, The Nation *wishes its readers to know we don't have the facilities to check the promises made by our advertisers, and we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

AUDIOCASSETTES

EDWARD SAID/MERON BENVENISTI. *Two Views of the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict.* Tapes of this *Nation*/New School event are now available. Each 2-tape set is $20. Send check or money order payable to The Nation Institute to: "Two Views," The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

BED & BREAKFAST

LOS ANGELES near Hollywood. Garden setting. Close to tennis, golf. Children welcome. Pipey & Shank's. Reasonable. (213) 664-4425.

INTERNATIONAL BED & BREAKFAST

Experience the Soviet Union in a manner few people have been able to until now. With this unique opportunity, instead of staying at a large hotel designed to accommodate foreign tour groups, you'll be able to stay in a private English speaking home with an Russian Family.

For More information or Reservations Call, Fax or Write us at
INTERNATIONAL BED & BREAKFAST
P.O. Box 823 Huntington Valley, PA 19006, USA
Toll Free 800-422-5283 • FAX 215-663-8580

BOOKLETS

INCONTROVERTIBLE PROOF JESUS FICTIONAL! Josephus created fictional Jesus, Gospels. Scholarly booklet—$5, Abelard, Box 5652-A, Kent, WA 98064 (Details: SASE).

BOOKS

ANARCHIST COOKBOOK available again! $22, postpaid. Complete edition. Barricade Books, Box 1401-R, Secaucus, NJ 07096.

SPECIAL BOOK DISCOUNT

FATE OF THE FOREST: DEVELOPERS, DESTROYERS AND DEFENDERS OF THE AMAZON, by Susanna Hecht and Alexander Cockburn. Retail: $24.95. Available to *Nation* subscribers for $20, and to Nation Associates for $16.

TRAVELS WITH ALICE, by Calvin Trillin. Retail: $18.95. *Nation* subscribers: $14; Nation Associates: $12.50.

Please add $2/book for shipping and handling. New York State residents add sales tax.

Send orders to: The Nation Associates, Book Offer, 72 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011.

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED, all types. Company with 70-year tradition. "Author's Guide to Subsidy Publishing." 1-800-695-9599.

BOOK SEARCH SERVICES

AWAITING YOUR BOOK WANTS. Lorraine Zimmerman, Bookseller at Large. P.O. Box 867, Silverado, CA 92676. Locally: (714) 649-2690; nationally: (800) 728-2073.

BOOK SEARCH SERVICES

CAXTON BOOKSEARCH, Box 709, Sister Bay, WI 54234. Send phone/address with wants. (414) 854-2955.

COMPUTERS

LONGTIME *NATION* EMPLOYEE, now computer consultant, is selling IBM-compatible computers and providing computer training and support to *Nation* readers in the New York City area. Special rates for nonprofit organizations and those on low incomes. Call Mark Rausher at Present Day Products (718) 934-2861.

COUNSELING

PERSONAL PROBLEMS? Experienced, caring, mature, clinical psychotherapist will help resolve them. Affordable fees. East midtown NYC: (212) 466-6775; Nassau: (516) 484-1249.

WOMAN PSYCHOTHERAPIST, 20+ years experience, Ph.D. in clinical psychology. Insight-oriented and analytic. Crisis intervention; short-term; long-term intensive psychoanalytic approach. Free consultation. Sliding scale. Carnegie Hall vicinity. (212) 582-5508.

C.P.W. Psychotherapy—free consultation. Compassionate, creative doctors. Individual, couple, group. Please call 9 to 11 am: (212) 724-8767.

MINORITY MALE PSYCHOTHERAPIST (MSW), Professor at NYU—experienced, sensitive, liberal, adjustable fees, midtown Manhattan (Kips Bay). (212) 685-4918.

EDUCATION

PLANT TREES IN AFRICA

12 months solidarity work at tree-planting project in Mozambique including preparation and follow-up periods in the U.S.

Institute for Int'l Coop. & Development (IICD)
P.O. Box 103-B,
Williamstown, MA 01267.
(413) 458-9828.

SPANISH IN GUANAJUATO. Cultural Center of Mexico. Instituto Falcon, Mora 158, Guanajuato, Gto 36000, Mexico.

SPANISH CLASSES, GUATEMALAN CULTURE. Nonprofit collective; speakers, fieldtrips. Proyecto, 210 East Hamilton, State College, PA 16801. (814) 234-1912.

SPANISH IN GUATEMALA. Individualized instruction, family living. Casa, Box 40148, Albuquerque, NM 87196; (505) 242-3194.

¡Speak Spanish like a diplomat!®

Learn on your own with audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning, 63 languages in all. Comprehensive. Call or write for free catalog. **1-800-243-1234** Our 19th year.

AUDIO-FORUM® Dept. 741 Guilford, CT 06437

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVENTS

THE FUTURE OF RADICAL ECONOMICS:
Union for Radical Political Economics
1991 Summer Conference
August 22-26
Camp Sequoia
Rock Hill, New York
(2 hours from New York City)

PLENARY SESSIONS:
How Central is Marxism to Radical Political Economics?
Is Feminism Marginal to Radical Political Economics?
The New World Disorder and Its Impact on People of Color

SPEAKERS INCLUDE: Lourdes Beneria, Robert Cherry, Nancy Folbre, Rabab Hadi, Lennox Hinds, Achille Mbembe and Fred Moseley

CLASSES:
Game Theory
Introduction to Political Economy
Money and Finance
Political Economy of Gender
Political Economy of Race and Class

TEACHERS INCLUDE: Patrick Mason, Bob Pollin, Paddy Quick and Gil Skillman.

A variety of panels and workshops will be offered with special sessions on radical pedagogy.

Cultural, recreational activity and childcare included.

Write: URPE National Office, Dept. of Economics, University of California, Riverside, CA 92521; or phone: (714) 787-3538.

GAMES & PUZZLES

THE NATION'S BEST Puzzles! Book 6 of these British-style crosswords, $6.95 postpaid. Write E.S. Lewis, 125 Quaker Lane, Rochester, MA 02743.

MERCHANDISE

RUSSIAN TYPEWRITERS. $175. New Olympia-Unis. Also others. Jacob Sachs, 251 West 98th Street, New York, NY 10025. (212) 222-6683.

CERTIFIED ORGANIC Vermont-grown farm products. Storable crops, herbs, canned goods. Write: NEKO, RR1, Box 606, Hardwick, VT 05843.

RUSSIAN REPUBLIC, CROATIAN, all ancestral heritage flags available. 100% sewn seams and embroidered stars. Quality throughout. And the famous USA Rainbow Flag. Call/write for details: (800) 279-0835; Bloomquists', P.O. Box 541, Bristol, WI 53104.

100% RECYCLED PAPER!
Atlantic Recycled Paper Co.
SAMPLER KIT: Everything for home & office – from copy paper to paper towels – only $11.95 ppd.
(800) 323-2811
Free Catalog of more than 77 products!
P.O. Box 39096 Baltimore, MD 21212

NATION CASES AND BINDERS
Organize and protect your back issues of *The Nation*. Both cases and binders are covered in an attractive dark red leatherette with a gold *Nation* logo. 1 case or binder holds 6 months (1 volume).

Cases $7.95, 3 for $21.95, 6 for $39.95.
Binders $9.95, 3 for $27.95, 6 for $52.95.
Add $1 per unit for postage/handling.

Send order to: The Nation, Jesse Jones Industries, Dept N
499 E. Erie Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19134
Major credit cards accepted for orders over $15
To charge call 1-(800) 825-6690
Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.
Foreign orders add $2.50/unit. Payment in U.S. currency.
Pa. residents add 6% sales tax.

MERCHANDISE

WEAR THE NATION T-SHIRT!
These high-quality all-cotton T-shirts are black with white lettering. "The Nation" is printed on the front and "since 1865" on the back. They come in S, M, L and XL and are only $11.95 each, postpaid. For an even better deal, get 3 or more shirts for $9.95 each. Mail check or money order in U.S. currency to: The Nation, T-Shirts, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (New York residents add sales tax. Foreign orders add 33%.)

MISCELLANEOUS

COMPUGRAPHIC EDITWRITER 7500—*The Nation* magazine is updating its production department and is looking for a loving retirement home for its old but dependable equipment. Take it all—Compukwik processor, Kwikdry, spare parts and remaining supplies. Always under CGSMA. $2500. or best offer. Call Jane (212) 242-8400.

INVENTIONS, IDEAS, NEW PRODUCTS! Presentation to industry and exhibition at national innovation exposition. Call: 1-800-288-IDEA.

CONGRESSIONAL TRIFECTA
A National
1) Prenatal Program
2) Vaccination Program
3) Mammogram Program
A bloody shame that babies, children and women should die for lack of funding in America. —WMF

WEAR THE NATION T-SHIRT! These high-quality all-cotton T-shirts are black with white lettering. "The Nation" is printed on the front and "since 1865" on the back. They come in S, M, L and XL and are only $11.95 each, postpaid. For an even better deal, get 3 or more shirts for $9.95 each. Mail check or money order in U.S. currency to: The Nation, T-Shirts, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (New York residents add sales tax. Foreign orders add 33%.)

ORGANIZATIONS

NATIONAL WRITERS UNION. Collective bargaining. Grievance procedures. Health insurance. Journalists, authors, poets, commercial writers. National Writers Union, Box C, 13 Astor Place, New York, NY 10003.

WOULD YOU LIKE to be more closely involved with *The Nation*? Join The Nation Associates and get behind the scenes at America's oldest weekly journal of opinion. Call the Associates office at (212) 242-8400.

IF YOU'D LIKE TO EXCHANGE VIEWS with other *Nation* readers in the South Bay of Los Angeles, join the monthly discussion groups—Sundays, 3:30-5:00. Call: (213) 379-0426.

PERSONALS

PERSONALS ADVERTISERS
A Nation Box number and weekly forwarding service is available for a one-time $10 charge added to the cost of your classified ad.

CONCERNED SINGLES NEWSLETTER
links compatible singles who care about peace, social justice, and the environment
National and international membership.
All ages. Since 1984. Free sample:
Box 555-A, Stockbridge, MA 01262.

PERSONALS

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE®. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. 1-800-233-CMLS. Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured singles acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write: SBL, Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039, or call: (215) 358-5049.

INTELLIGENT OPTIONS for singles who eschew hyperbole. International membership. All ages. For sample newsletter write: Intelligent Options, P.O. Box 4456, Kingston, NY 12401.

CHICAGO: SWF, 32, progressive, professional seeking man with open heart and mind. I'm confident, humble, playful, inquisitive, seeking same. Integrity, laughter important. Passions include my dog, hiking, reading, good conversation, movies, meditation. No smokers or heavy drinkers. Don't hold back: we can exchange photos if you'd like. Nation Box 779.

SEEKING ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, 55+, Marxist, Leninist, Stalinist, Maoist. Wm. Bess, 2 Athenia Ave., Clifton, NJ 07013.

SURVIVORS OF FRIENDS WORLD COLLEGE, still recovering? Please share your experiences. Nation Box 780.

MANHATTAN GWJF, exhibiting artist, 40s, financially secure, pretty, athletic, slim, hardworking, nonreligious, non-television person, seeks very bright, pretty, gentle GWF into physical fitness (exercise)—to share arts, travel and commitment. Nation Box 781.

NJDJF, PATHride from NYC, attractive, accomplished, 50s, average size, mature, simple tastes, complex ideas, divorce a distant memory, children independent, sees life as an adventure, wishes to share the fun with 60ish gentleman with sense of humor, integrity, warmth. Nation Box 783.

MALE GRADUATE STUDENT, 45, would like to meet *Nation* readers and find good housing in Houston, Texas. Nation Box 784.

ELEGANT FILM DIRECTOR, 65+, seeks romantic, loving, creative woman, 55+, for caring companionship. San Francisco. Nation Box 785.

SWF, NYC—seeks emotionally available, health-conscious man, mid-30s–late 40s, with sense of humor for serious relationship. Interests—classical music, Beatles, hiking, swimming, film. Note/photo/phone. Nation Box 786.

SOCIALLY CONCERNED WOMAN, 62, attractive, petite. Seeks sensitive, caring man of similar values who leads active life devoted, in part, to promotion of human rights. As ballroom dance enthusiast, would be elated to meet a man experienced in or willing to learn this inspiring, joyful activity (American/Latin). NYC. Nation Box 787.

WOULD LIKE TO MEET A MAN of ideas, politically liberal, a reader and conversationalist (latter 50s, 60s, whatever) who seeks a woman of similar qualities as well as female charms (NYC, NJ, wherever). Nation Box 788.

GM, YOUTHFUL 56, 6'2", 180, NYC, European background, seeks unpretentious GM with a sense of humor, any race, comparable age. Nation Box 789.

BLUE-EYED WIDOWER seeks courageous woman, circa 60–70–adventure, achievement, laughter, love. Nation Box 790.

If responding to a Nation Box number send replies to: Nation Box _____, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

COMMUNITY JOBS, socially responsible jobs and internships. Subscribe to the only nationwide newspaper listing, covering lobbying, organizing, environment, disarmament and more. $20/6 issues. COMMUNITY JOBS, Box NAT, 1601 Connecticut Avenue,NW, #600, Washington, DC 20009.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

WORK IN NICARAGUA
APSNICA is seeking volunteers in all fields, skilled and unskilled to work in Nicaragua. Architects, building tradespeople, computer personnel, engineers, mechanics, medical personnel, English teachers, planners and others are encouraged to contact us. Call: 213-455-1340; write: APSNICA P.O. Box 1151, Topanga, CA 90290.

HOME TYPISTS, PC users needed. $35,000 potential. Details. Call (1) 805-962-8000, Ext. B-3596.

FIGHT THE NEW WORLD ORDER! Program staff for national grass-roots peace and justice network with major organizational responsibilities. Substantial organizing experience and knowledge of peace and justice movement required. $21,400 + benefits. People of color, women, gays encouraged to apply. Résumé and writing sample to: National Mobilization for Survival, 45 John, #811, New York, NY 10038; (212) 385-2222.

MONTHLY REVIEW is looking for an assistant editor. Strong organizational, copy-editing and computer skills. Salary: high teens. Résumé to: MR, 122 West 27th Street, New York, NY 10001.

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR, *The Nation*. *The Nation* is looking for a creative, energetic and experienced advertising sales person to assume the responsibilities of the outgoing director. Candidates should be articulate and organized. A knowledge of computers is useful. Send résumé, salary requirements and cover letter to: Box 100, *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

VETERANS PEACE ACTION TEAMS (VPAT) seeks Spanish-speaking women and men veterans for long-term work in Nicaragua. Training, expenses, small separation payment provided. We need a director and two PTSD/emotional health workers. For more information, call or write: VPAT, Hiring Committee, P.O. Box 170670, San Francisco, CA 94117; (415) 753-2130.

GROUP PROMOTING PEOPLE-TO-PEOPLE exchanges seeks Financial Director to oversee fundraising, budgeting, business enterprises. Strong financial, fundraising and managerial skills. Salary negotiable. Global Exchange, 2141 Mission, #202, San Francisco, CA 94110. EOE/AA.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

P.O.V., PBS's independent nonfiction film series, seeks Director of Communications. Position challenging work to primetime audiences, work closely with executive producer, expand visibility of series. Experience with independent media, social issues, press relations. For details write: D. Lewis, P.O.V., 330 W. 58th St., #3A, New York, NY 10019. No calls.

POSITIONS DESIRED

INTELLIGENT, ARTICULATE FORMER *NATION* INTERNS skilled in research, fact-checking, editing and writing looking for meaningful employment in New York, Washington and elsewhere. Available starting immediately. Call Peter Meyer at (212) 242-8400.

PUBLICATIONS

THE PEOPLE. Marxist biweekly. Since 1891. 4 months/$1. 1 year/$4. The People (N), PO Box 50218, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

LEFT BUSINESS OBSERVER — a monthly newsletter on economics and politics worldwide. "A salutary antidote to the economic mush in mainstream periodicals." — Alexander Cockburn. One year $20. Left Business Observer (Dept. N), 250 West 85th Street, New York, NY 10024.

TECHNOCRACY—TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for $3 from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

5-DIMENSIONAL TIME BANK ENERGY, Monadically Gravitized, abolishes need for energy-abuse wars. Freedom from bond-slavery. Enclose SASE. Perfect Knowledge, 1500 N. Texas, Weslaco, TX 78596.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS REVIEW. Alternative source of news. Monthly summary of world events. For busy people. Trial subscription: $18/year. Free sample. IPR, P.O. Box 6455, Alexandria, VA 22306.

CUBA AT YOUR DOORSTEP. Latest in Cuban books, magazines and videos now available through direct importer and sent by U.S. mail. Write: Publications Exchange, 8306 Mills Drive, #241N, Miami, FL 33183, for catalog—$1, refundable with first order; or call: (305) 387-0853.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates STANDARD $1.50/word, 15-word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words each, abbreviations and zip codes as one. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY 1-inch minimum; camera-ready $60/column inch; not camera-ready $60/column inch plus a one-time setting charge of $15/inch. FREQUENCY DISCOUNTS For consecutive runs only; 4 ads for the price of 3; 10 for the price of 7; 25 for the price of 15. PERSONALS For individuals 2 ads for the price of 1, 4 for the price of 2, etc.; no other discounts apply; *Nation* box number/weekly forwarding service one-time charge of $10; for commercial advertisers standard rates apply.

Deadline Wednesday, 4 PM, 26 days prior to Monday issue date.

To THE NATION
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., NY 10011

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for ____ week(s), plus ____ week(s) free.

Be sure to include payment for *Nation* box number/forwarding service or classified display setting charge, if applicable.

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

Attach ad, typewritten if possible.

Payment in U.S. currency must accompany order.

PUBLICATIONS

OUT YOUR BACKDOOR—Friendly new magazine of grass-roots adventure, travel and fun. $2. P.O. Box 2163-N, Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

NATION back issues, 1984-91, inclusive. $100 plus postage. (415) 292-7611. January 1984 missing.

GENERAL PUBLIC—Brand new alternative monthly newsletter on political, social and environmental issues. Subscription: $15/year. Sample: $1. General Public, P.O. Box 633, Newington, VA 22122.

S&Ls, BIG BANKS AND OTHER TRIUMPHS OF CAPITALISM—Robert Sherrill tells the sordid story of the looting decade. It's a feisty account that shows how the S&L crisis was created, how the taxpayers were betrayed by their elected officials and government regulators, who the chief scoundrels are and why the current bailout is a disaster. Most important, Sherrill warns that the Feds, in willful ignorance of the lessons of the S&L disaster, are moving rapidly toward further deregulation of the big banks—a move that could lead to even greater financial disaster. This issue of *The Nation* was originally published November 19, 1990. $4 per issue. Send check or money order to *The Nation*, Bulk Sales X, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011, or call (212) 242-8400, ext. 206, for bulk prices.

THE AMERICAN NEO-NAZI MOVEMENT TODAY—Elinor Langer's exhaustively researched and chilling look at the growth of skinhead, Neo-Nazi and white supremacist hate groups with direct ideological links to the original Nazi movement. Langer concludes that something deeply disturbing is happening here—something every American should comprehend and confront. This issue of *The Nation* was originally published July 16/23, 1990. $4 per issue. Send check or money order to *The Nation*, Bulk Sales X, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011, for call (212) 242-8400, ext. 206 for bulk prices.

REMEMBERING CAREY McWILLIAMS

100 Years of *The Nation*. Former editor Carey McWilliams summarizes and evaluates *The Nation*'s history at the 100-year point. Reprinted from *Journalism Quarterly* (1965), this concise essay is available again. An invaluable introduction and complement to the historic 120th Anniversary Issue.

On The Nixon Within Us. Cartoonist Jules Feiffer's eloquent essay honoring Carey McWilliams's gadfly journalism in an age of Nixonian valuelessness.

These two *Nation* special reprints are available as one package for $4 per set. Send check or money order to: McWilliams Reprints, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT HOMES from $1 (U repair). Delinquent tax property. Repossessions. Your area (1) 805-962-8000 Ext. GH-3596 for current repo list.

WHY RETIRE TO FLORIDA? Over half of North Carolina retirees came from Florida—learn why! North Carolina golf and lake homesites from only $10,900. Free literature. 1-800-768-7358.

SECLUDED ADIRONDACK RETREAT, 200 wooded acres, cabin, stream. Near Saratoga and Lake George. Inquire: (518) 798-5136

SERVICES

EXPERT HOUSEPAINTER—and socially conscious, too. Prompt, neat, reasonable rates. Airless sprayer for large spaces. 10 years experience. References. Free estimate. Call and leave message: (718) 789-1944.

IMMIGRATION LAWYER. Experienced, honest, resourceful. Nationwide practice. All immigration matters. Call Allen Ladd: (404) 998-4322.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRAVEL

STUDY/WORK/LIVE/OVERSEAS! Plan your next overseas adventure with *Transitions Abroad*, Box 344-56325, Amherst, MA 01004. Sample copy available: $3.50.

EUROPE—$160! from East Coast, $269! from West Coast. Hitch a ride on a commercial jet! Confirmed seats from all locations at higher rates. AIRHITCH®, (212) 864-2000.

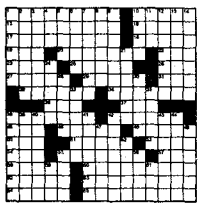
T-SHIRTS

WEAR THE NATION T-SHIRT!

These high-quality all-cotton T-shirts are black with white lettering. "The Nation" is printed on the front and "since 1865" on the back. They come in S, M, L and XL and are only $11.95 postpaid. For an even better deal, get 3 or more shirts for $9.95 each. Mail check or money order in U.S. currency to: The Nation, T-Shirts, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (New York residents add sales tax. Foreign orders add 33%.)

X-WORD PUZZLES

FREE American-style & Cryptic Crossword Catalog!



Plus exclusive British imports. AND unique crossword collections you'll find nowhere else. Write: CROSSWORDS, Box 909-H, Bellmore, NY 11710. Or call:

1 (800) 659-9673, ext. 7

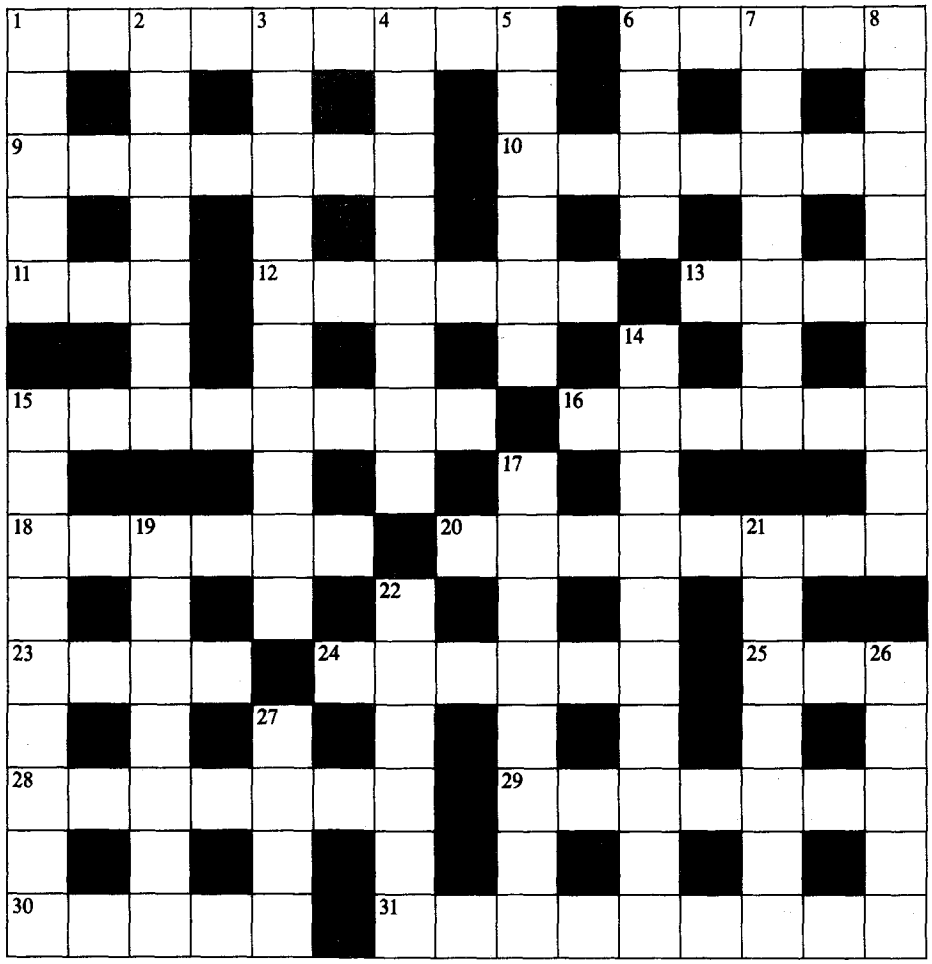
ADVERTISE IN THE NATION

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2345

U	M	B	R	E	L	L	A	S	T	A	N	D	S	
N		O		P		A		I		N		O		O
D	A	H	L	I	A	S		N	I	G	E	R	I	A
E		E		C		T		G		L		M		T
R	A	M	M	E	D		S	L	E	E	P	E	R	S
F		I		N		A		E				R		
O		A	N	T	A	C	I	D		P	A	S	T	A
O				E		C		O		R				N
T	I	G	E	R		U	K	U	L	E	L	E		O
		A				S		T		F		T		N
W	I	L	D	C	A	T	S		C	A	T	H	A	Y
I		A		H		O		S		B		I		M
L	I	T	H	I	U	M		H	I	B	A	C	H	I
D		E		E		E		O		E		A		T
	D	A	F	F	A	D	O	W	N	D	I	L	L	Y

Crossword Puzzle No. 2346

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 One of the Ghostbusters or found in one who might be taxing? (Sounds like Jane Fonda!) (9)
6 One who is out of this world, with a right to hold property? (5)
9 Possibly red in good business times, but you should find the rest here . . . (7)
10 . . . though a sort of the above might imply a very dull time. (Dr. Ruth hopes there's no 10 in 9!) (7)
12, 11 and 13 Look all over for ravings about the fight? (You can say they need it to make an entrance.) (6,7)
15 Time for a special, according to the song. (It returns not very bright—a very bad thing!) (8)
16 and 4 down What might be brewed together with compassion, in play? (3,3,8)
18 Small spots that sound like just what the builder needs in order to proceed. (6)
20 Do bridge players who say too often that they have nothing to say, or is it bridge? (8)
23 and 6 down What might be critical in an explosion on land, with a lot of killing. (8)
24 Battered brides are the result of the breakup. (6)
25 and 27 down A merry time to take the test pertaining to the city boss. (7)
28 What some professors like to hold, though a number sure get confused! (7)
29 Pie mixture a very small amount according to the saying. (7)
30 How to purloin something with the least trouble? (5)
31 Take little notice when what pertains to the kidneys gets in it's just epinephrine. (9)

DOWN

1 This room should have enough space for the Spanish to bend part of the body in. (5)
2 Told the waiter what you wanted, as arranged. (7)
3 What one might do for kindling the equivalent of knife and fork? (10)
4 See 16 across
5 You'll find a large number in beers brewed by means of old instruments. (6)
6 See 23 across
7 The adventurous Mr. Jones lies in state. (7)
8 With the wrong name, get set up when about to act for the worms! (9)
14 That low-down feeling that keeps many people from working? (10)
15 An awful mixture, with steam exploding, according to the friends you eat with. (9)
17 Simon Legree was one, superior to such as Nostradamus. (8)
19 The basic ingredient of France's driving force? (7)
21 Over-fleet butterfly? (7)
22 An entertaining girl just his age, possibly. (6)
26 Enemy country? (5)
27 See 25 across

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Religion and the Life of the Intellect

In many intellectual circles the myth still circulates that religion is the preserve of the dim-witted and unlettered. Yet, recently *The New York Times Magazine* carried an article on the "return to religion" among intellectuals. From Harvard to Berkeley, and amid inquisitive people generally, there's an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This fascination is largely a result of the failures of secular substitutes for religion (such as rationalism, narcissism, technological utopianism, aestheticism, and extremist political ideologies) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

By no means, however, does this religious renaissance entail embracing the ersatz gods of dog-eat-dog individualism, consumerism, or superpatriotism. Nor does it imply a retreat from working for peace, justice, or human dignity. Rather, there's an awareness that, as Jean Bethke Elshtain put it, religious commitment "can help further social reform," and that religion can supply the ethical bedrock upon which to make political choices which are far more durable than those based on passing ideologies and enthusiasms. Nor does the new openness to religion signify a hostility to science, but rather an appreciation of the limits of science and technology.

The New York Times Magazine article discussed the NEW OXFORD REVIEW as part of this return to religion, and rightly so. We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual engagement with what Daniel Bell terms "the sacred." We are particularly interested in exploring religious commitments that yield humane social consequences, as exemplified by such giants as St. Francis, Gandhi, Bonhoeffer, Barth, Tawney, Schumacher, Mounier, Dorothy Day, Archbishop Tutu, Simone Weil, Martin Luther King Jr., and Archbishop Romero. And we probe the literary and philosophical riches offered by such greats as Kierkegaard, Tolstoy, Buber, Auden, Eliot, Silone, Maritain, Waugh, Merton, C.S. Lewis, Walker Percy, Flannery O'Connor, and Graham Greene.

An ecumenical monthly edited by lay Catholics, we've been characterized by George Will as "splendid," by the University of Chicago's Martin E. Marty as "lively," by Berkeley's John T. Noonan Jr. as "indispensable," and by *Newsweek* as "thoughtful and often cheeky."

Those who write for us — Robert N. Bellah, J.M. Cameron, John Lukacs, Henri J.M. Nouwen, Robert Coles, Christopher Lasch, Eileen Egan, and others — express themselves with clarity, verve, style, and heart. We bat around a wide variety of issues and defy easy pigeonholing. If you're keen on intellectual ferment and the life of the mind and spirit, subscribe today!

(Please allow 2 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue)

SPECIAL DISCOUNT RATES FOR FIRST-TIME SUBSCRIBERS

- ☐ One-year subscription. . . . . .$14 (regularly $19)
- ☐ One-year student, unemployed, or retired person's subscription . . . . . .$12 (regularly $16)
- ☐ Two-year subscription . . . . .$23 (regularly $35)
- ☐ One-year Canadian or foreign subscription . . . . US$17 (regularly $22) Payment must be drawn in US Dollars
- ☐ Sample copy. $3.50

Send coupon or letter. Make check payable to NEW OXFORD REVIEW. Mail to:

NEW OXFORD REVIEW
Room 9
1069 Kains Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94706

NAME (Please print or type)

STREET ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

PAYMENT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED